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More Pious Friends
AND
Drunken Companions




FRANK SHAY
JOHN HELD Jr.



EN
BY


"*There* ARE SONGS
THAT MAKE YOU HAPPY





JOHN
HELD JR

There ARE SONGS
THAT MAKE YOU SAD™



gift of

Mr. James F. Leisy



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**MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND
DRUNKEN COMPANIONS**

James F. Leary
11/54

BY FRANK SHAY

IRON MEN AND WOODEN SHIPS

a Collection of Sailor Songs and Chanties.

MY PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

a Collection of Ballads from the Dear, Dead Days

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

another Collection of Songs from the Departed Days.

AUDACIOUS GIANTS

Tales of American Legendary Heroes.



**THE FALLEN MAN
AGAIN CAN SOAR**

**BUT WOMAN FALLS
TO RISE NO MORE**

MORE
PIOUS FRIENDS
AND
DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

**SONGS AND
BALLADS OF
CONVIVIALITY**

Collected by
FRANK SHAY



**MAGNIFICENTLY
ILLUMINATED**

by
JOHN HELD JR.

Musical arrangement for any degree of Inebriety by
HELEN RAMSEY

THE MACAULAY COMPANY
Publishers NEWYORK

PS393
L4546

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FRANK SHAY
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Printed in the United States of America

This Book is Dedicated in General
to
The Society of the Forty Pious Friends
The International Bar Flies
The Amalgamated Order of Beer Shifters
The Barroom Boys and Girls
The Elite Order of Bung Starters
The Three Hours for Lunch Club
La Societe des 40 Hommes et 8 Cheveaux
The Stowaways of New York
The Fraternal Order of Billy Goats
The Beachcombers of Provincetown
To Most of the Elks and Some of the Knights
To all Newspapermen Who Would be Great Writers
if They Could Leave the Stuff Alone
To That Great Army Who, Drunk or Sober, Love to Sing the
Old Songs of a Very Dear and Departed Era
And in Particular to
The Honorable Louis Bret Hart, of Buffalo.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

It is a great pleasure to acknowledge the expert and valuable assistance given me by Judge Louis B. Hart, of Buffalo, Mr. W. W. Dean, of Indianapolis and others. Thanks are also due to Mr. Cardwell Thomson, H. Douglas Hadden, Robert Edwards, William B. Smith, John Held, Jr., D'Arcy Dahlberg, Miss Margaret Marshall, Harry T. Ramsey, Collins B. Reed, Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. (Tex) O'Reilly, James O'Reilly and Hal S. White.

The thanks of Miss Ramsey and myself must go to Cyril Mockridge for his patience and consideration.

Mr. Held's graphic illustrations again are used through the courtesy of the New Yorker and the Weyhe Galleries.

HERE'S TO CRIME

The songs brought together in this second collection are, like their predecessors, snatched for the most part from a more beery and hilarious age. Some have the flavor of yesterday's bar-rag while others seem to have been brought into being by the ladies and gentlemen of the Anti-Saloon League. Some are frankly convivial and will serve as a goad to memories more tenacious than that of the editor. Others are merely the dolorous ballads sung by whiskey johnnies when in their cups. All of them have been tried out under the most exacting conditions and found not entirely wanting.

Since the first volume appeared there has been formed the Society of the Forty Pious Friends whose sole and main endeavor will be to seek out the songs of the dear, departed days and put them into practical use by keeping them alive for that future generation who, it is hoped, will throw off the shackles of sobriety that bind us. The society has endowed a completely equipped barroom from the swinging doors to the old third rail. The chief bartender is concert-meister and when the Board of Examination and Eligibility is completely and properly oiled he will give the word to the First Ivory Thumper. If the

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

song proves acceptable under such conditions it will be placed in the society's repertory. For safety's sake the location of this laboratory must remain a secret.

Booze, under the present régime, has come out of the hell-holes and been given an honorable place in the American home. If the quality had only held up there would be but little room for complaint. The stuff they serve these days is terrible: there isn't a song in a boat-load. In the old days Father got his load at the corner. If it was that kind of a load he sang; if it wasn't he staggered a little. Mother knew by the tremolo of his voice or the footsteps on the stair that Father was not traveling on an even keel and herded the children out of the way until Daddy and his parcel were tucked into bed. Now Father is setting a bad example for the whole family by keeping the bottle under the kitchen sink where it will be handy. And when Mother feels a bit low she takes a shot of tiger milk and feels a lot better for a few moments. Joe, the eldest boy, who under normal conditions would be a tee-totaler until he was twenty-one, is not above peppering up his style with a jolt from the brew. Marnie, who is in business college, shows her young man that she knows how matters stand by slipping him a night-cap as he leaves.

Time was when the young man who occasionally took a drink called on his girl friend he was very careful to chew a clove or sen-sen to disguise his breath: he was careful not to let the aroma cross her nose. Today what

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

happens? He calls on the girl and makes no effort to conceal the fact he has had a drink. The girl, if she is experienced, sets out a couple of glasses and a bottle of dry ginger ale. Has the young man appeared with nothing more than a breath? He is an inconsiderate fool, a stupid yokel, and the door is held open for him.

Travelers who have covered these states within the last few months tell us that nowhere have they found what is happily called "the dry sentiment." Is this phrase merely a device of the reformers and politicians? Well-known writers, several of them Englishmen, who have gone on extended lecture tours and who have been guests in the most American of homes say they are always greeted with cocktails and that which ever way they turn they run into someone with a shaker who is just issuing dividends. In a very wide circle of friends the nearest to a total abstainer is one who is off the stuff temporarily for his health. The phrase, "No, I never touch a drop," went out with the Gibson girl.

What disturbs the ballad-monger is that there is less singing than ever. This may be due to the quality of the liquor we are throwing into us, for it is sodden stuff, or it may be due to the neighbors. What this country needs is a singing Lindbergh to make it "singing-minded" or a constitutional enactment absolutely prohibiting the singing of any but revival numbers. We need someone to lead us out of the boozy silence into which we have

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

sunk. Those who have tried it know that a drink with a song is twice a drink.

A few of the hundreds who have written the editor since the first volume appeared seem to take it for granted that our home is one of hell's gaudy palaces, that we are a hell-roaring wild cat who each night makes the welkin ring with bawdy songs, that we are sold body and soul to the saloon interests. Such we regret is not the case though we must confess to a great longing to be all those things. Rather are we the good boy who has been celebrated in song by Lemuel F. Parton, the New York newspaperman:

I have led a good life, full of peace and quiet,
I shall have an old age, full of rum and riot;
I have been a good boy, wed to peace and study,
I shall have an old age, ribald, coarse and bloody.

I have never cut throats, even when I yearned to,
Never sang the dirty songs that my fancy turned to;
I have been a nice boy and done what was expected,
I shall be an old bum loved but unrespected.

FRANK SHAY

Provincetown, Mass.
June 1, 1928

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**MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND
DRUNKEN COMPANIONS**

A PACK OF CARDS

Sung and Illustrated by John Held, Jr.



One night as I sat by my fire-side so



wea-ry, And dream-ing of friends who were far, far a -



way; My mem-o - ry brought me some that's sad and



drear-y, Yet oth - ers came, too, that were cheer-ful and



gay. When all of a sud-den I found my eyes



rest-ing On some-thing that brought man - y scenes to my

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

The musical score is written for a single voice in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is simple and folk-like. The lyrics are printed below the notes. The score consists of seven lines of music. The first line has a measure with a whole rest. The second line contains a time signature change from 4/4 to 2/4. The lyrics are: 'mind, 'Twas an old pack of cards, and some tales in - ter - est - ing, I thought that I might in their his - to - ry find! The first scene that I saw that night, I thought was quite a pleas-ant sight, A grand old room a - blaze with light, I whis-pered "kind re - gards." Whilst round the board sat young and old, They played for love and not for gold, Whilst joy and sor-row

mind, 'Twas an old pack of cards, and some tales in - ter -
est - ing, I thought that I might in their
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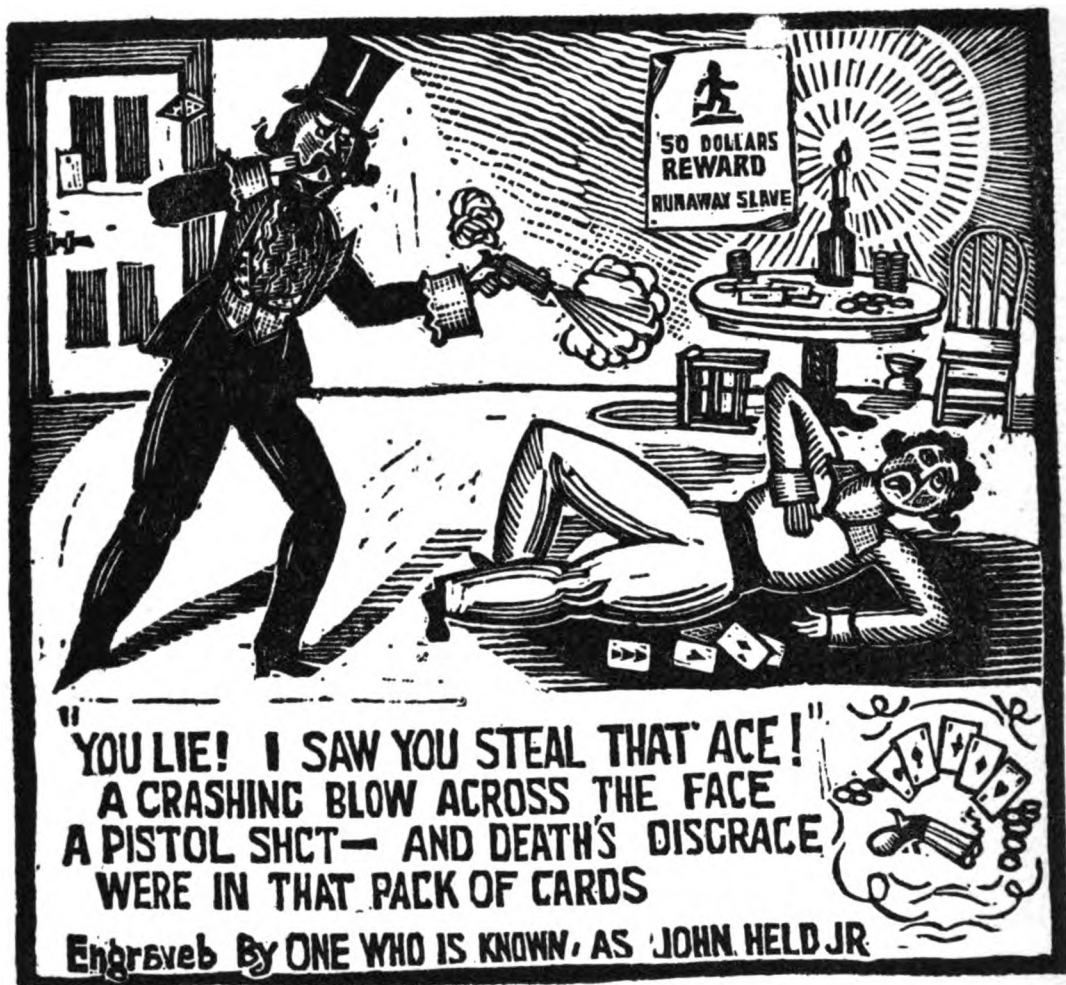
MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS



The next scene I saw filled my heart with great pity,
It was a young man and his parents I knew,
'Twas their only son whom they'd sent to the city
To study and grow up a gentleman true,
A weekly allowance they thought would suffice him,
To live on the best and for studies to pay,
They knew not that evil companions enticed him
Away from his studies at poker to play!

I saw him as he left his seat,
He never thought his pals would cheat,
Each time he played he met defeat,
And still he called them pards.
But there will come a reckoning day,
And he will through this foolish play
Bring sorrow in the old folks' way,
All through that pack of cards!

The last scene of all I beheld with much sorrow,
For there was the scene of the gambler's black fate,
No thought had they got of the waking tomorrow
Though then they'd repent but to find it too late.

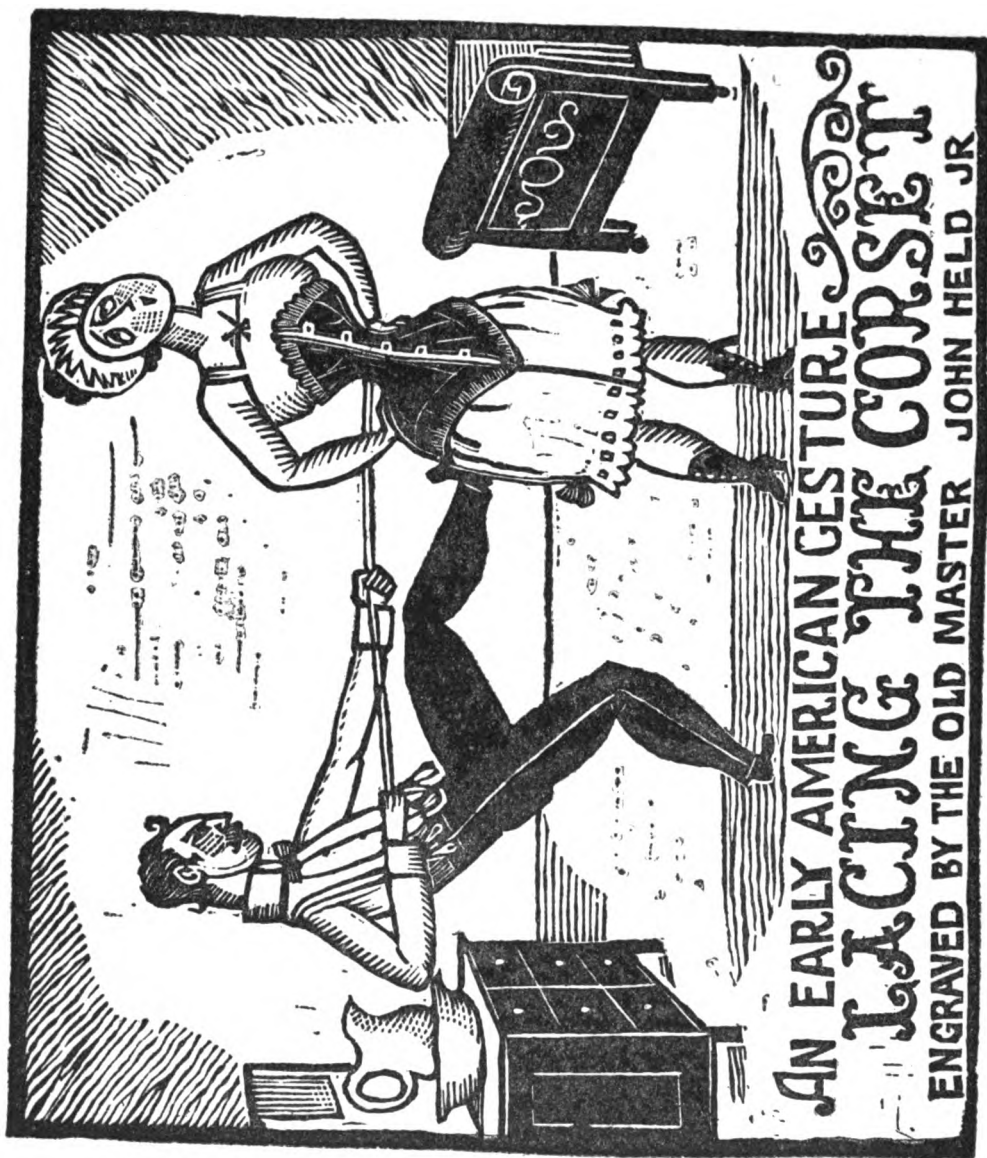


"YOU LIE! I SAW YOU STEAL THAT ACE!
A CRASHING BLOW ACROSS THE FACE
A PISTOL SHOT— AND DEATH'S DISGRACE
WERE IN THAT PACK OF CARDS

Engraved By ONE WHO IS KNOWN, AS JOHN HELD JR.



The DAYS BEYOND RECALL
PIERCING THE EARS
ENCRAVED FROM MEMORY BY JOHN HELD JR.



AN EARLY AMERICAN GESTURE
LACING THE CORSET

ENGRAVED BY THE OLD MASTER JOHN HELD JR

OUR GUDE-MAN

Our gude-man cam' hame at e'en,
And hame cam' he;
And there he saw a saddle-horse,
Whaur nae horse should be.
"Oh, how cam' this horse here,
How can this be?
How cam' this horse here,
Without the leave of me?"
"A horse?" quo' she,
"Ay, a horse," quo' he.
"Ye auld blind doited carle,
Blinder mat ye be!
'Tis naething but a milk-cow
My minnie sent to me."
"A milk-cow!" quo' he,
"Ay, a milk-cow," quo' she.
"Far ha'e I ridden,
And meikle ha'e I seen;
But a saddle on a cow's back
Saw I never nane!"

Our gude-man cam' hame at e'en,
And hame cam' he;
He spied a pair o' jack-boots,
Whaur nae boots should be.
"What's this now, gude-wife?

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

What's this I see?
How cam' these boots here,
Without the leave o' me?"
"Boots?" quo' she,
"Ay, boots," quo' he.
"Shame fa' your cuckold face,
And ill mat ye see!
It's but a pair o' water-stoups
The cooper sent to me."
"Water-stoups!" quo' he.
"Ay, water-stoups," quo' she.
"Far ha'e I ridden,
And farer ha'e I gane;
But siller spurs on water-stoups
Saw I never nane!"

Our gude-man cam' hame at e'en,
And hame cam' he;
And there he saw a sword,
Whaur nae sword should be.
"What's this now, gude-wife?
What's this I see?
Oh, how cam' this sword here,
Without the leave o' me?"
"A sword?" quo' she.
"Ay, a sword," quo' he.
"Shame fa' your cuckold face,

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

And ill mat ye see!
Its but a parritch spurtle
My minnie sent to me.
 "A spurtle?" quo' he.
 "Ay, a spurtle," quo' she.
"Weel far ha'e I ridden,
And meikle ha'e I seen;
But silver-handled spurtles
Saw I never nane!"

Our gude-man cam' hame at e'en,
And hame cam' he;
There he spied a pouthered wig,
Whaur nae wig should be.
"What's this now, gude-wife?
What's this I see?
How cam' this wig here,
Without the leave o' me?"
 "A wig?" quo' she.
 "Ay, a wig," quo' he.
"Shame fa' your cuckold face,
And ill mat ye see!
'Tis naething but a clockin' hen
My minnie sent to me.
 "A clockin' hen?" quo' he.
 "Ay, a clockin' hen," quo' she.
"Far ha'e I ridden,

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

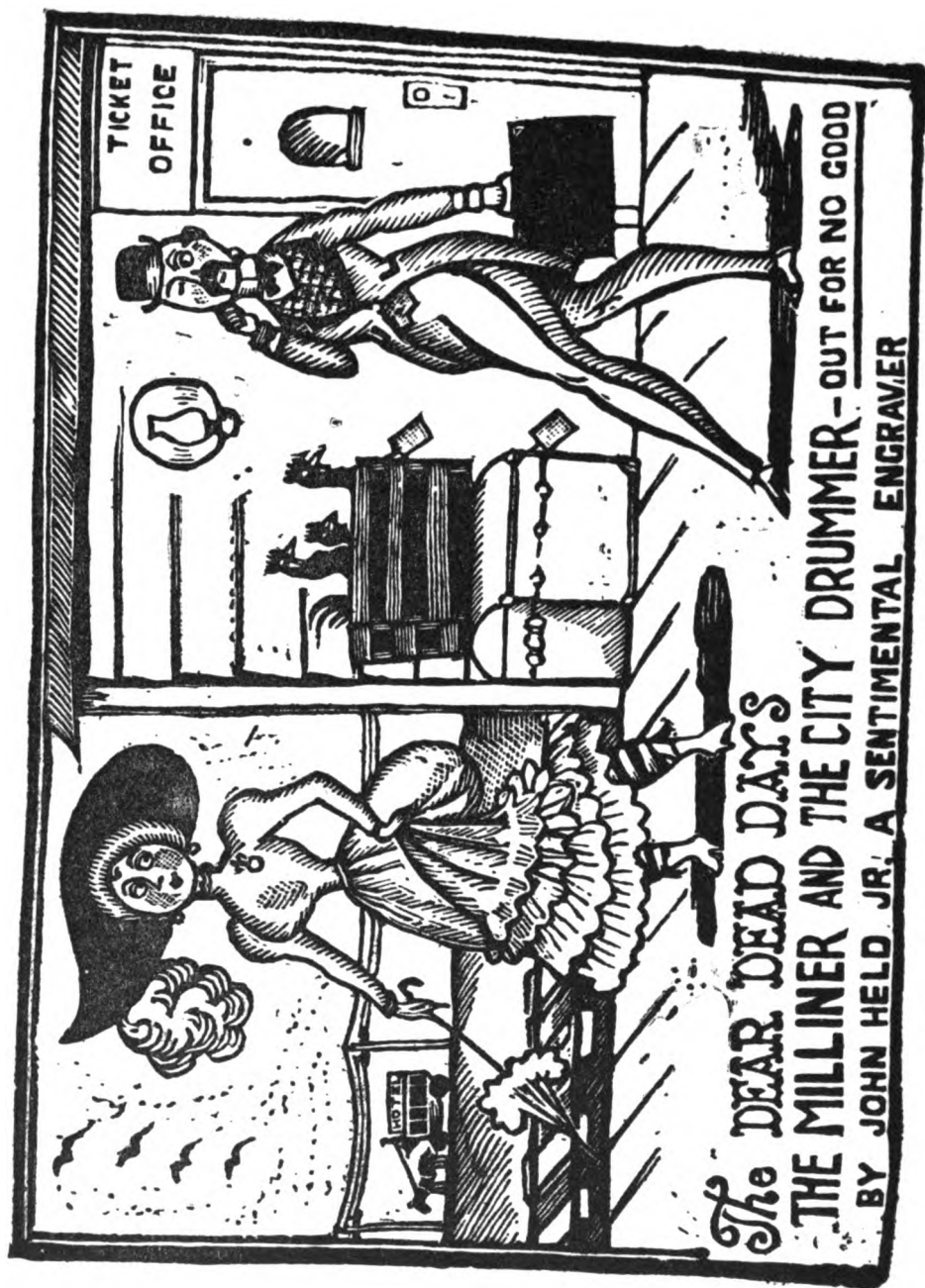
And meikle ha'e I seen;
But pouthen on a clockin' hen
Saw I never nane!"

Our gude-man cam' hame at e'en,
And hame cam' he;
And there he saw a riding-coat,
Whaur nae coat should be.
"Oh, how cam' this coat here?
How can this be?
How cam' this coat here,
Without the leave o' me?"
"A coat?" quo' she.
"Ay, a coat," quo' he.
"Ye auld blind dotard carle,
Blinder mat ye be!
It's but a pair o' blankets
My minnie sent to me."
"Blankets?" quo' he.
"Ay, blankets," quo' she.
"Far ha'e I ridden,
And meikle ha'e I seen;
But buttons upon blankets
Saw I never nane!"

Bed went our gude-man.
And bed went he;

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

And there he spied a sturdy man,
Whaur nae man should be.
“How cam’ this man here?
How can this be?
How cam’ this man here,
Without the leave o’ me?”
“A man?” quo’ she.
“Ay, a doited man,” quo’ he.
“Puir blind body!
And blinder mat ye be!
It’s a new milking-maid
My minnie sent to me.”
“A maid?” quo’ he.
“Ay, a maid,” quo’ she.
“Far ha’e I ridden
And meikle ha’e I seen;
But lang-bearded milking-maids
Saw I never nane?”



The DEAR DEAD DAYS

THE MILLINER AND THE CITY DRUMMER - OUT FOR NO GOOD

BY JOHN HELD JR. A SENTIMENTAL ENGRAVER

DOWN IN DEAR OLD GREENWICH VILLAGE

As sung by Bobby Edwards

The only example of folk-song building to come to the editor's immediate attention is the following national anthem of New York's bohemia. Back in the old days when the Village began and ended at Polly's, when certain now distinguished men and women of letters were known as Oney, Theo, Jig, Sue and Vincent; when other names that are now known across the continent were just so many boys and girls struggling for recognition while living in garrets and basements and the editor had a beautiful hall-bedroom overlooking Washington Square for two dollars a week, the following ballad had its beginnings. Bobby Edwards, the last of the troubadours, gave it a prominent place in his repertory and later put it on paper. It is now so much his that the fullest credit must be given him. Nevertheless it is an indubitable folk-ballad in its origin and the first I ever heard sing it was George Baker, one evening at the aforesaid Polly's.

Allgro con inchistro rosso

Way down South in Green-wich Vil-lage that's the field for

cul-ture's til-lage; there they have ar - tis - tic rav-ings,

The musical score is written for two staves. The top staff is in treble clef, 2/4 time, and contains the melody. The bottom staff is in treble clef, 2/4 time, and contains the accompaniment. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, while the accompaniment consists of chords. The lyrics are written below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across measures.

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

tea and oth - er aw - ful crav - ings: but there the in - spir -

a - tion stops And they start sil - ly lit - tle shops You'll

find them an - y - where 'round Wash - ing - ton Square.

The musical score consists of three systems, each with a vocal melody line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the vocal lines. The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with a double bar line. The third system ends with a double bar line.

Down in dear old Greenwich Village,
There they wear no fancy frillage,
For the ladies of the square
All wear smocks and bob their hair.

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

There they do not think it shocking
To wear stencils for a stocking,
That saves the laundry bills
In Washington Square.

Way down South in Greenwich Village,
Where the spinsters come for thrillage,
There they speak of "sex relations,"
With the sordid Slavic nations.
'Neath the guise of feminism,
Dodging social ostracism,
They get away with much
In Washington Square.

Way down South in Greenwich Village,
Where they all consume distillage,
Where the fashion illustrators
Flirt with interior decorators.
There the cheap Bohemian fakirs
And the boys from Wanamaker's
Gather "atmosphere"
In Washington Square.

Way down South in Greenwich Village,
Where the brains amount to nillage,
Where the girls are unconventional,
And the men are unintentional.

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

**There the girls are self-supporting,
There the ladies do the courting,
The ladies buy the "eats"
In Washington Square.**

**Way down South in Greenwich Village,
Comes a bunch of Uptown Swillage,
Folks from Lenox Subway Stations
Come with lurid expectations.
There the Village informalities
Are construed as abnormalities
By the boobs that visit Sheridan Square.**

HANNAH

**I've got a girl named Hannah,
From Butte, Montana.
The reason I don't love her,
She's dead, gol darn her!**

**She lived on the
Untrodden hills of Butte.
None cared to love her
And none dared to shoot!**

THE FEMALE SMUGGLER

Now, in sailor's clothing swell Jane did go,
Dressed like a sailor from top to toe;
Her aged father was the only care
Of this female smuggler,
 Of this female smuggler
 Who never did despair.

With her pistols loaded she went aboard.
And by her side hung a glittering sword,
In her belt two daggers; well armed for war
Was this female smuggler,
 Was this female smuggler,
 Who never feared a scar.

Now they had not sail-ed far from the land,
When a strange sail brought them to a stand.
"These are sea robbers," this maid did cry,
"But the female smuggler,
 But the female smuggler,
 Will conquer or will die."

Alongside, then, this strange vessel came.
"Cheer up," cried Jane, "we will board the same;
We'll run all chances to rise or fall,"
Cried this female smuggler,
 Cried this female smuggler
 Who never feared a ball.

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

Now they killed those pirates and took their store,
And soon returned to Old England's shore.
With a keg of brandy she walked along,
Did this female smuggler,
 Did this female smuggler,
 Who sweetly sang a song.

Now they were followed by the blockade,
Who in irons strong did put this young maid.
But when they brought her to be tried,
This young female smuggler,
 This young female smuggler
 Stood dressed like a bride.

Their commodore against her appeared,
And for her life she greatly feared.
When he did find to his great surprise
'Twas a female smuggler,
 'Twas a female smuggler
 Had fought him in disguise.

He to the judge and jury said,
"I cannot prosecute this maid,
Pardon for her on my knees I crave,
For this female smuggler,
 For this female smuggler
 So valiant and so brave."

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

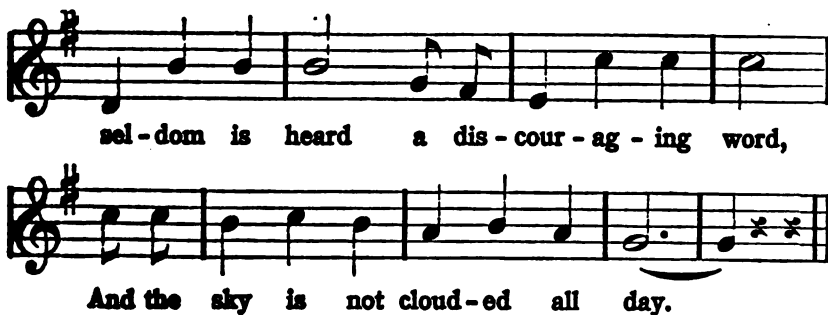
**Then this commodore to her father went,
To gain her hand he asked his consent.
His consent he gained, so the commodore
And the female smuggler,
 And the female smuggler
 Are one for evermore.**

O, GIVE ME A HOME WHERE THE BUFFALO ROAM

As sung by Harry T. Ramsey



MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS



O, give me a gale on the Solomon vale,
Where life's stream joyfully flows,
On the banks of the Beaver where seldom, if ever,
Any poisonous herbage doth grow.

Chorus

O, give me a land where the bright diamond sand
Lies by the glittering stream,
Where glideth along, the graceful white Swan,
Like a maid in her heavenly dream.

Chorus

Ofttimes at night, when summers are bright,
By the light of twinkling stars,
I've stood here amazed, and asked as I gazed,
If their glory exceeds that of ours.

Chorus

HEENAN AND SAYERS

It was on the sixteenth day of April that they agreed to
fight,
The money was all put up and everything was right,
But Heenan was arrested and brought to the county jail,
Where he was held to keep the peace under three hundred
bail.

His friends went quickly there and they did bail him out,
He was forced to change his training ground and take another route;
They thought for to discourage him, so as to prevent the
mill,
But having a brave heart in him, swore that Sayers' blood
he'd spill.

To see those heroes in the ring it would make your heart
feel gay,
Each wore a smile upon his face in honor of the day:
The spectators say they were eager those champions for
to see,
For they both said that they'd either die or gain the victory.

Time was called, they both stood up, the excitement it was
great,
To see those champions seeking to seal each other's fate;

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

Sayers he made a left-hand punch at Heenan's pretty face,
Who quickly dodged and with a blow laid Tommy near a
case.

But when the second round came on the Briton was up to
time,
Heenan made a pass at him, which slightly bruised his
dial;
His friends they began to cheer, which made Sayers feel
sad,
For he thought that he'd easily win, which would make
the Yankees mad.

Sayers was up to time again, and his face it bore a smile.
Heenan made a pass at him, which slightly bruised his
dial;
He made a terrific right-hand punch, which got on
Heenan's jowl,
But quickly a sledge-hammer blow caused Sayers for to
howl.

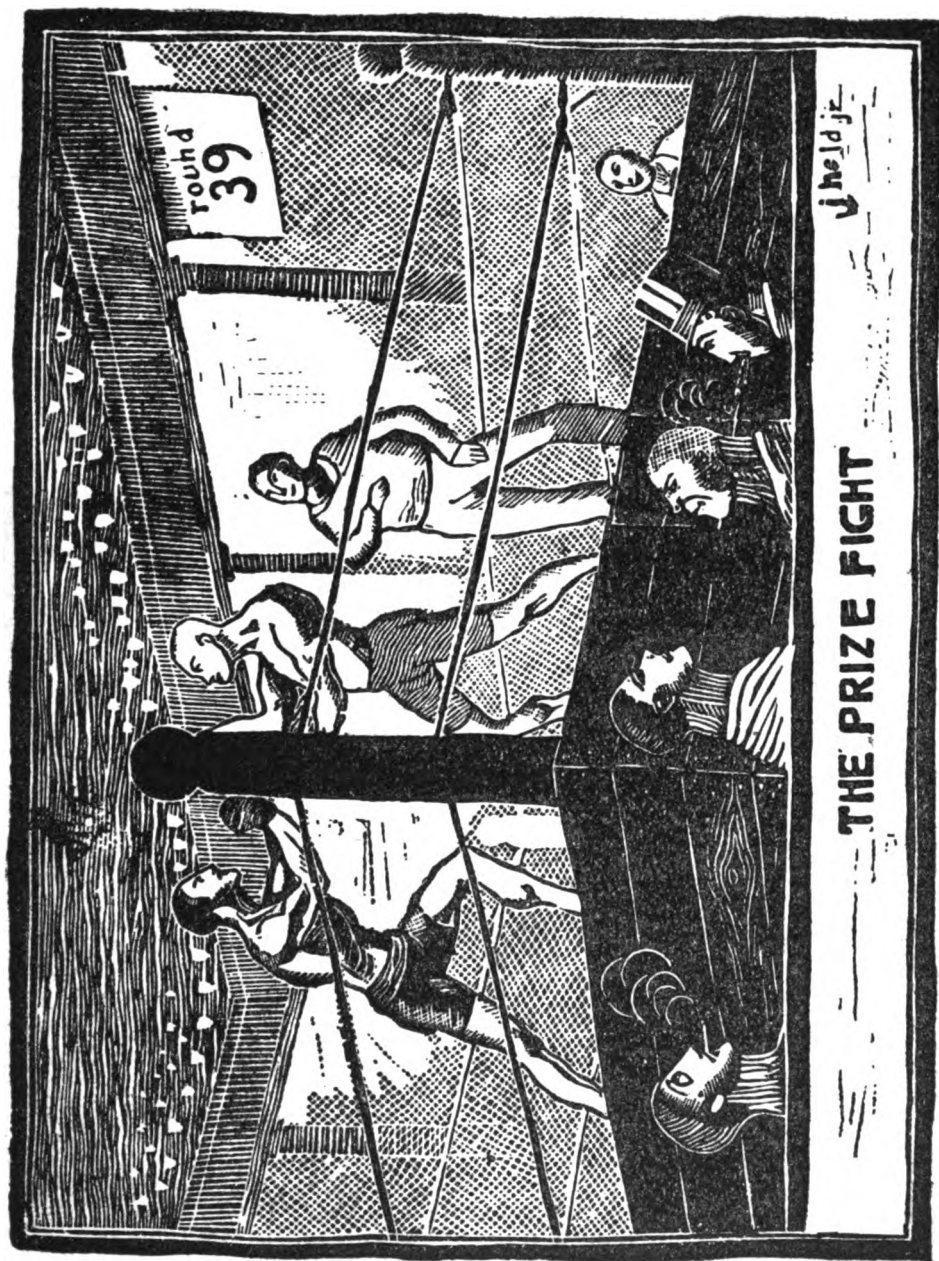
A look of melancholy was upon each Briton's face;
They thought that Sayers would get whipped and to Eng-
land be a disgrace;
But then he got a handsome blow on brave Heenan's nob,
Their faces bore a smile again, and the betting on Sayers
was odd.

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

Time was called, they both were up to toe the scratch once
more,
Sayers got home on Heenan's mug, which made the
Britons roar;
Heenan followed quickly up, and as Sayers turned around,
He met him with a right hand blow which sprawled him
on the ground.

Bold Sayers was up to time again, and he looked very bad;
Heenan looked as fresh again, which made the Britons
mad;
They had a little false sparring, then at each other did
gaze,
When Heenan sprawled him out again, which did the
bulls amaze.

Then the cheers and bawls of Heenan's friends would
make your heart feel gay;
For they were sure, they had no doubt, but he would gain
the day:
The friends of Sayers began to think that he would soon
give in,
And to think their champion would get beat it caused
them to grin.



MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

The fight was drawing to a close, the excitement growing worse,
The friends of Heenan they did cheer, and of Sayers they did curse,
The bulls were sure that Heenan would win, which caused them all to fret,
For every cent that they were worth on Sayers it was bet.

But then the thirty-seventh round came on to be the last,
The Briton's friends they plainly saw their man was failing fast;
When Heenan gave him another blow, which made them feel forlorn—
The Briton's friends jumped in the ring and said the fight was drawn.

But Heenan called on Sayers again to come and fight it out,
But he was so badly punished he could scarcely open his mouth:
Heenan said: "The fight is mine—and stood upon his ground—
Saying: "I am the champion of the world, in the thirty-seventh round."

RIO GRANDE

Solo



The an-chor is weighed and the sails they are set,

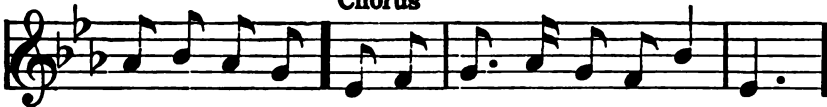
Chorus

Solo



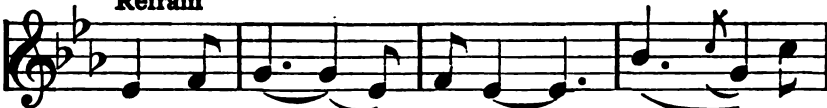
A - way . . . Ri - o! . . The maids we are leav-ing we'll

Chorus



nev-er for-get, For we're bound for the Ri - o Grande,

Refrain



And a - way, . . . Ri - o! . . . Aye . . . Ri -



o! . . . Far we're bound for the Ri - o Grande.

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

So it's pack up your donkey and get under way,
Away, Rio!

The girls we are leaving can take half our pay,

Chorus

We'll sing as we heave to the maidens we leave
Away, Rio!

And you who are listening, good-bye to you,

Chorus

Come heave up the anchor, let's get it aweigh
Away, Rio!

It's got a firm hold, so heave steady, I say,

Chorus

FALSE HENRY

Just a year ago tonight, mother, how sorrowful were we,
When sister May was taken, upon her wedding day;
O, mother, dearest mother, how much better it would
have been for me,
Could I have died just like her, in my innocence and glee.

Just a year ago tonight, mother, I went down to a ball,
I went with my dear Henry, and danced with him till
dawn;

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

There was not another maiden, with a lighter heart than
mine,
But tonight I lie here dying, a mother, but no wife.

There will be a dance tonight, mother, and crowded it will
be,
And I know that he will be with them, and he will think
of me;
I own I love dear Henry, much better than I do life,
But tonight I lay here dying, a mother, but no wife.

Take this ring from off my finger, where he placed it
long ago,
Give it to him with a blessing, and in joy let him go;
Just tell him I'll forgive him, for my sorrow and his sin;
Raise the curtains higher, dear mother, for my eyes are
growing dim.

Here is my baby boy, mother, take and raise him up for
me,
And give him food and plenty as you always did for me;
Then goodbye, mother dearest, and you, my baby boy,
And you, my false young Henry, and she bade her last
farewell.

THE CHARMING YOUNG WIDOW I MET ON THE TRAIN



I live in Ver - mont, and one morn-ing last



sum - mer, A let - ter in - form'd me my un - cle was



dead; And al - so re - quest - ed I'd come down to



Bos - ton, As he'd left me a large sum of

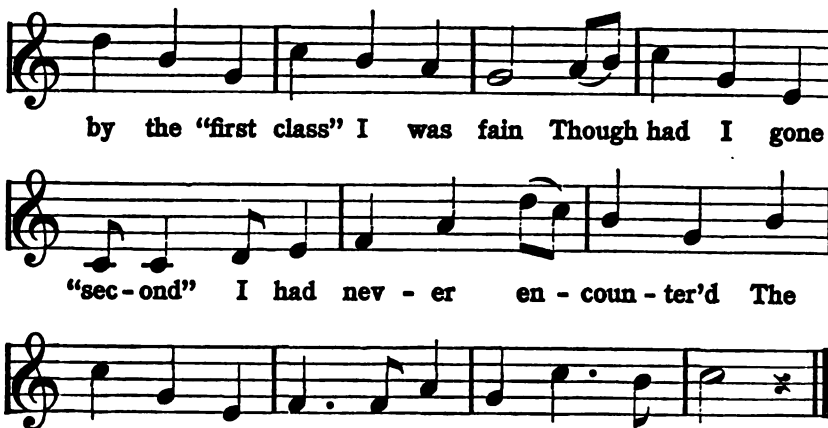


mon - ey it said. Of course I de-termin'd on



mak - ing the jour - ney, And to book my - self

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS



by the "first class" I was fain Though had I gone
"sec-ond" I had nev - er en - coun - ter'd The
Charm-ing Young Wid - ow I met in the train.

Now scarce was I seated within the compartment
Before a fresh passenger entered the door:
'Twas a female, a young one, and dressed in deep mourn-
ing,
An infant in long clothes she gracefully bore.
A white cap surrounded a face, oh, so lovely!
I never shall look on one like it again.
I fell deep in love over-head in a moment
With the charming young widow I met on the train.

The widow and I side by side sat together,
The carriage containing ourselves and no more;
When the silence was broken by my fair companion,
Who enquired the time by the watch that I wore.

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

I, of course, satisfied her, and then conversation
Was freely indulged in by both, till my brain
Fairly reeled with excitement, I grew so enchanted
With the charming young widow I met on the train.

We became so familiar I ventured to ask
How old was the child she held at her breast.
“Ah, sir,” she responded, and into tears bursting,
Her infant, still closer, convulsively pressed
“When I think of my child, I am well nigh distracted,
Its father, my husband, my heart breaks with pain.”
She, choking with sobs, laid her head on my waistcoat,
Did the charming young widow I met on the train.

By this time the train arrived at a station
Within a few miles of the great one in town.
When my charmer exclaimed, as she look through the
window:
“Good gracious alive! Why there goes Mr. Brown.
He’s my late husband’s brother—dear sir, would you
kindly
My best-beloved child for a moment sustain?”
Of course I complied, then off to the platform
Tripped the charming young widow I met on the train.

Three minutes elapsed, when the whistle it sounded,
The train began moving; no widow appeared.

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

I bawled out, "Stop! Stop!" But they paid no attention.
With a snort and a jerk starting off as I feared.
In this horrid dilemma I sought for the hour.
But my watch—oh, where was it? And where was my
chain?
My purse, too, my ticket, my gold pencil case? All gone!
Oh, that artful young widow I met on the train.

While I was my loss so deeply bewailing
The train again stopped and I "Tickets, please," heard.
So I told the conductor, while dandling the infant,
The loss I'd sustained, but he doubted my word.
He called more officials, a lot gathered 'round me,
Uncovered the child—oh, how shall I explain?
For behold, 'twas no baby, 'twas only a dummy.
Oh, the crafty young widow I met on the train!

Satisfied I'd been robbed, they allowed my departure,
Though, of course, I'd settle my fare the next day;
And now I wish to counsel young men from the country
Lest they should get served in a similiar way.
Beware of young widows you meet on the railway,
Who lean on your shoulder, whose tears fall like rain;
Look out for your pocket—in case they resemble
The charming young widow I met on the train.

THE WRECK OF THE OLD 97

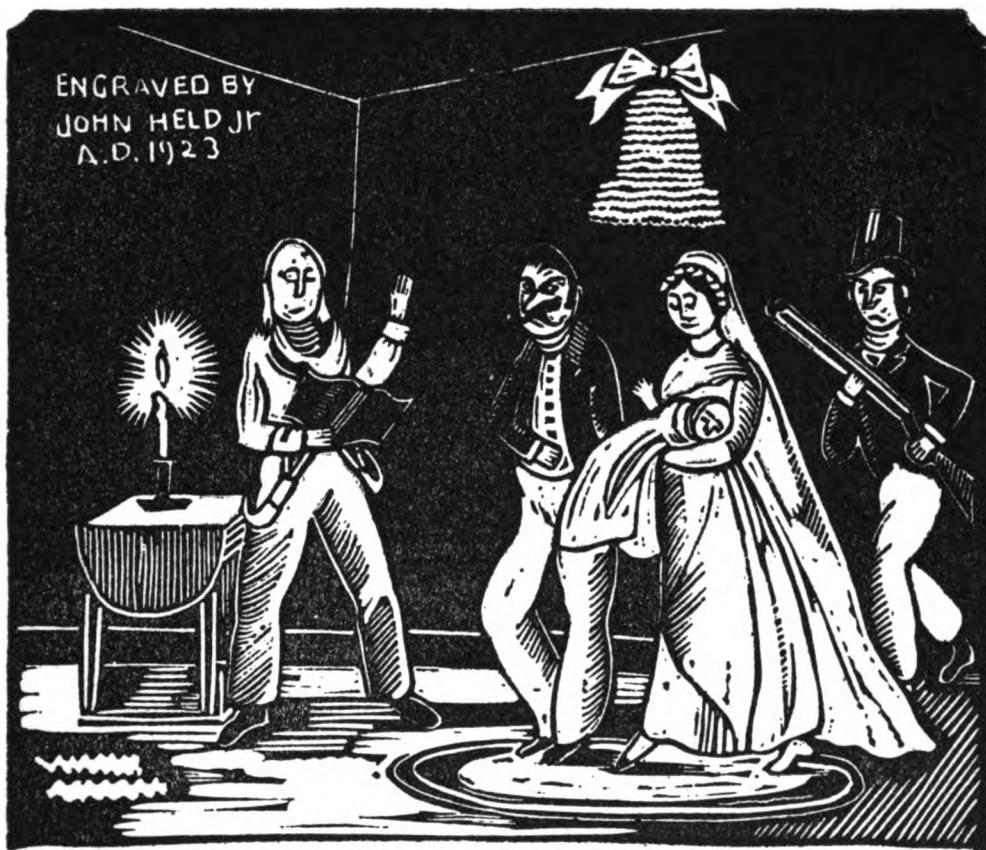
They give him his orders at Monroe, Virginia,
Saying, "Pete, you are away behind time;
This is not Thirty-eight, but it's old Ninety-seven,
You must put her in Center on time."

He looked around and says to his black greasy fireman,
"Just shovel in a little more coal:
And when we cross that White Oak Mountain,
You can watch old Ninety-seven roll."

It's a mighty rough road from Lynchburg to Danville
And a line on a three-mile grade;
It was on that grade he lost his average,
And you see what a jump he made.

He was going down-grade making ninety miles an hour,
When his whistle broke into a scream.
He was found in the wreck with his hand on the throttle
And was scalded to death with the steam.

Now, ladies, you must take warning
From this time now on:
Never speak harsh words to your true love and husband
He may leave you and never return.



THE SHOT-GUN WEDDING

SALVATION ARMY SONG

As sung by Helen Ramsey



There was a man in our town, I think his name was



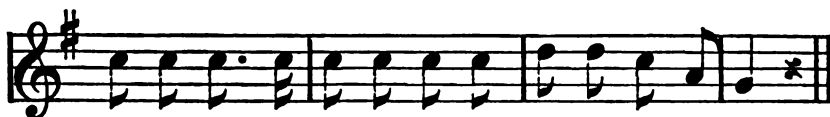
Brown; He prayed for Pro - hi - bi - tion but he



vot-ed for R - U - M. He helped to put the



poi - son in his neigh-bor's C - U - P; And



now he laughs at us be-cause we're S - A - V - E - D.

Chorus

Oh G-L-O-R-Y, we are S-A-V-E-D,
H-A-P-P-Y to be F-R-double E,
Oh V-I-C-T-O-R-Y from the bonds of S-I-N
Glory, glory, Hallelujah, Tra-la-la, Amen.

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

Some people go on week days
To D-A-N-C-E
They go to church on Sundays
To show their H-A-T.
Some people daub their faces up
With P-A-I-N-T
And then they laugh at us
Because we're S-A-V-E-D.

Chorus

I love to stand on the corner
With my D-R-U-M, drum
It brings to us the sinner
And the B-U-M, bum, bum
They come to us from hovel
And from D-I-T-C-H
And we march on to Victory
Without H-I-T-C-H.

LIFE IS BUT A GAME OF CARDS

**Life is but a game of cards, which each one has to learn :
Each shuffles, cuts and deals a pack, and each a trump
does turn :**

**Some turn a high card at the top, while others turn a low ;
Some hold a hand quite full of trumps, while others none
can show.**

**Some shuffle with a practiced hand and pack their cards
with care,
So they may know when they are dealt where all the
leaders are ;
Thus fools are made the dupe of rogue and rogues each
other cheat ;
But he is very wise, indeed, who never meets defeat.**

**In playing some will lead the ace, their counting card to
save.
Some play the deuce, and some the trey, and many play
the knave.
Some play for money, and some for fun, and some for
worldly fame.
And not until the game's played out can they count up
the gain.**

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

**When hearts are trumps some play for love, then pleasure
decks the hour.**

**No thought of sorrow checks our joy in rosy, beauteous
bower.**

**We dance and sing, sweet music make, our cards at ran-
dom play,**

**And while the heart remains on top our game is but a
holiday.**

**When diamonds chance to crown the top, then players
stake their gold;**

**And heavy sums are won and lost by gamblers young and
old;**

**Intent on winning, each doth watch his cards with eager
eye,**

**So he may watch his neighbor's hand and cheat him on
the sly.**

**When clubs are trumps, look out for war, on ocean and
on land,**

**For bloody deeds are often done when clubs are in the
hand;**

**Then lives are staked instead of gold, the days are worn-
out breed,**

Across the broad Atlantic now, see clubs have got the lead.

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

And last of all is when the spade is turned by hand of
Time,
And always finishes up the game in every land and clime;
No matter how much a man may win, or how much a man
may save,
You'll find the spade turns up at last and digs the player's
grave.

PICTURES FROM LIFE'S OTHER SIDE

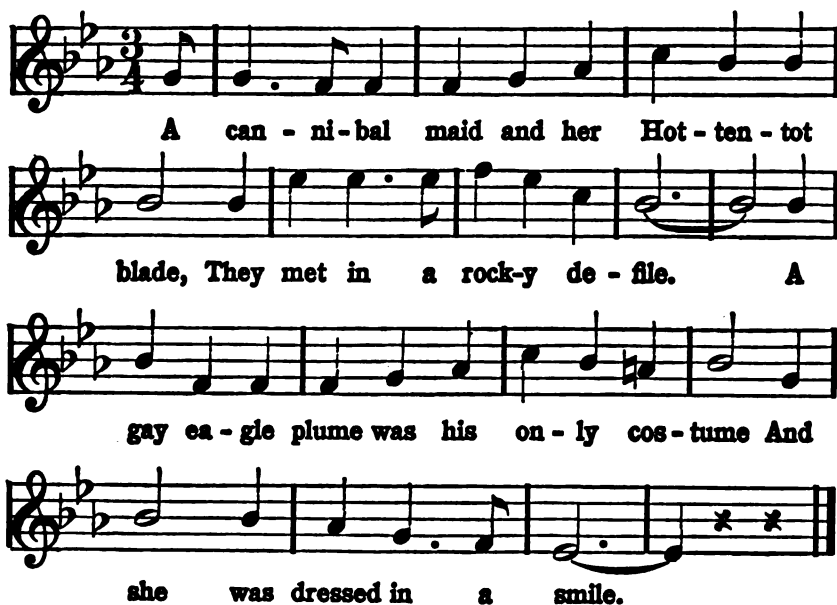
Sung by Hal S. White

Fragment

The next scene was that of a gambler
Who gambled his money away;
Stole a ring from his dead mother's finger
That she wore on her wedding day.
That night he went out on the highway,
"Hands up! Money or your life," he cried.
Then he took with his knife
His own brother's life:
That's a picture from life's other side!

THE CANNIBAL MAIDEN

As sung by Collins B. Reed



A can - ni - bal maid and her Hot - ten - tot
blade, They met in a rock - y de - file. A
gay ea - gle plume was his on - ly cos - tume And
she was dressed in a smile.

Together they strolled as his passions he told
In thrilling and tremulous mien,
She had murmured the word when a war whoop was
heard,
And a rival burst out on the scene.

'Twas a savage Zulu to the trysting place drew
Demanding his cannibal bride,

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

But the Hottentot said, with a toss of his head,
"I'll have thy degenerate hide!"

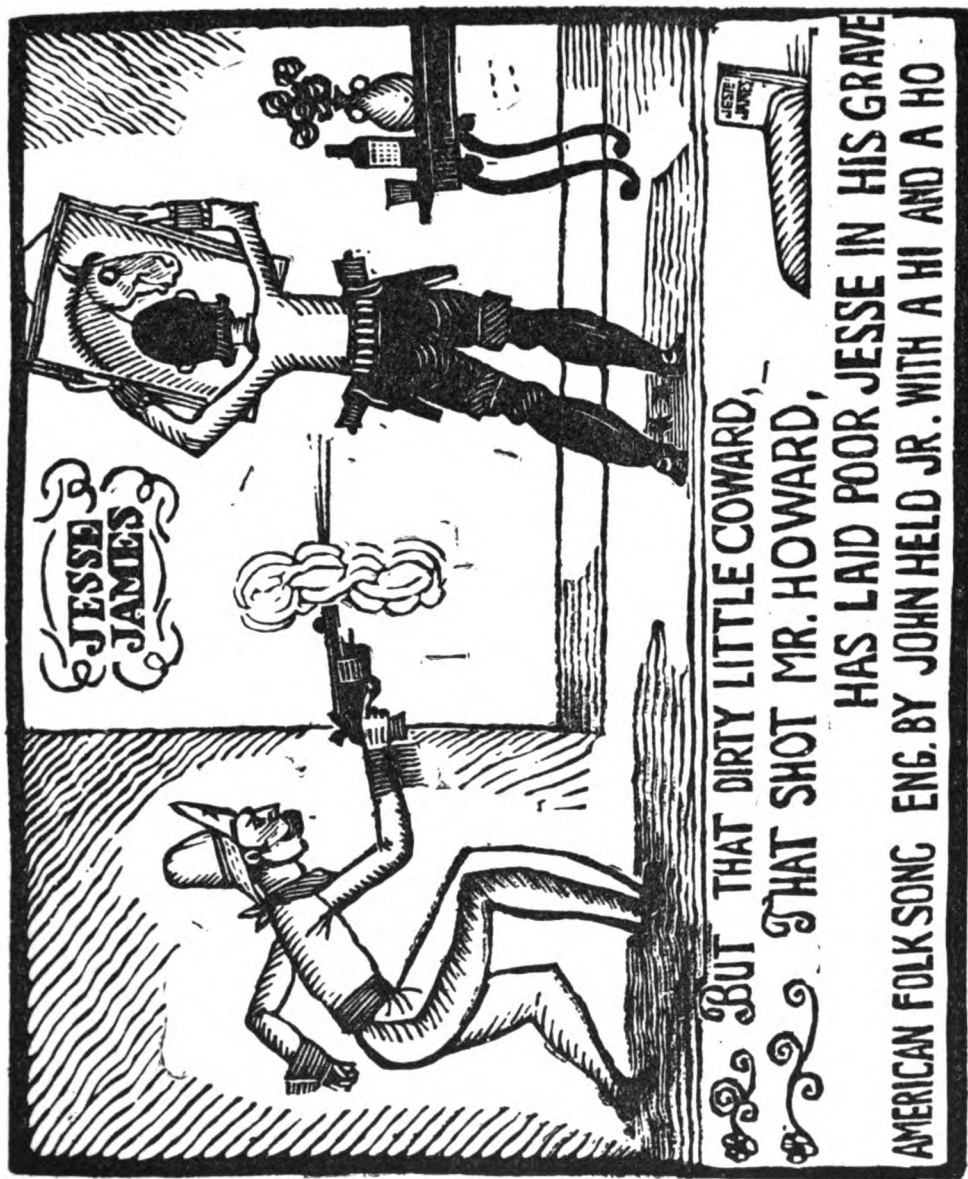
So the Hottentot flew at the savage Zulu
And the Zulu he flew at the blade;
Together they vied in their strength and their pride
As they fought for the cannibal maid.

She perched on a stone with her shapely shin bone
Clasped in her long twining arms,
And watched the blood fly with a love-laden eye
As the warriors fought for her charms.

Oh, the purple blood flows from the Hottentot's nose,
And the Zulu is struck by the blade,
As together they vied in their strength and their pride,
And they died for the cannibal maid.

She made a fine stew of the savage Zulu
And she scrambled the Hottentot's brains;
'Twas a dainty menu when the cooking was thru
And she dined from her lovers' remains.

Oh, the savage Zulu and the Hottentot too
Are asleep in a cannibal tomb;
The three are made one—my story is done,
And the maiden walked off in the gloom.



BUT THAT DIRTY LITTLE COWARD,
THAT SHOT MR. HOWARD,
HAS LAID POOR JESSE IN HIS GRAVE
AMERICAN FOLK SONG ENG. BY JOHN HELD JR. WITH A HI AND A HO

TEXAS RANGERS

Come, all you Texas rangers, wherever you may be,
I'll tell you of some troubles that happened unto me.
My name is nothing extra, so it I will not tell,—
And here's to all you rangers, I am sure I wish you well.

It was at the age of sixteen that I joined the jolly band,
We marched from San Antonio down to the Rio Grande.
Our captain he informed us, perhaps he thought it right,
“Before we reach the station, boys, you'll surely have to
fight.”

And when the bugle sounded our captain gave command,
“To arms, to arms,” he shouted, “and by your horses
stand.”
I saw the smoke ascending, it seemed to reach the sky;
The first thought that struck me, my time had come to
die.

I saw the Indians coming, I heard them give the yell;
My feelings at that moment, no tongue can ever tell.
I saw the glittering lances, their arrows round me flew,
And all my strength it left me and all my courage too.

We fought full nine hours before the strife was o'er,
The like of dead and wounded I never saw before.

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

And when the sun was rising and the Indians they had
fled,
We loaded up our rifles and counted up our dead.

All of us were wounded, our noble captain slain,
And the sun was shining sadly across the bloody plain.
Sixteen as brave rangers as ever roamed the West
Were buried by their comrades with arrows in their
breast.

"Twas then I thought of mother, who to me in tears did
say,
"To you they are all strangers, with me you had better
stay."
I thought that she was childish, the best she did not know;
My mind was fixed on ranging and I was bound to go.

Perhaps you have a mother, likewise a sister too,
And maybe you have a sweetheart to weep and mourn for
you;
If that be your situation, although you'd like to roam,
I'll advise you by experience, you had better stay at home.

I have seen the fruits of rambling, I know its hardships
well;
I have crossed the Rocky Mountains, rode down the
streets of hell;

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

I have been in the great southwest where the wild
Apaches roam,
And I tell you from experience you had better stay at
home.

And now my song is ended; I guess I have sung enough;
The life of a ranger I am sure is very tough.
And here's to all you ladies, I am sure I wish you well,
I am bound to go a-ranging, so ladies, fare you well.

OLD JOE CLARK

I don't like Old Joe Clark,
Don't think I ever shall.
I don't like Old Joe Clark,
Always liked his girl.

Rock, rock, rock, Old Joe Clark
Good-bye, Betsy Brown.
Rock, rock, rock, Old Joe Clark
Goin' to leave this town.

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

Oh, if I had a needle and thread
As fine as I could sew;
I'd sew myself to Joe Clark's bride
And down the road we'd go.

Walk, walk, walk, Old Joe Clark,
Good-bye, Betsy Brown.
Walk, walk, walk, Old Joe Clark,
Say good-bye to your Betsy Brown.

John Brown's wife takes whiskey in her tea,
John Brown's wife takes whiskey in her tea,
John Brown's wife takes whiskey in her tea,
As we go rolling home,

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
As we go rolling home,

She was an old hen and she had a wooden foot,
And she made her nest near a huckleberry root;
She laid more eggs than any hen on the farm
And another little drink wouldn't do us any harm.

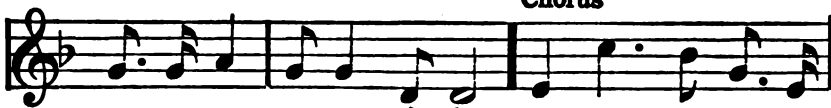
COCAINE BILL AND MORPHINE SUE

As sung by Mary Jacobsen



Co-caine Bill and Mor-phine Sue, Stroll-ing down the

Chorus



A - ven-ue two by two, Ah! Ha! My lit - tle



la - dy, Hon - ey take a (sniff) off me.

They walked down the East Side full of hope,
Until they saw a sign reading—"No More Dope."

Chorus

Said Bill to Sue, "This will never do,
We gotta get a shot and it's up to you."

Chorus

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

**Sue loved the men and she knew her stuff,
She walked into a drug store prepared to treat 'em rough.**

Chorus

**She rolled her eyes and she cocked her head
She said, "Come here I want some dope and I won't be
misled."**

Chorus

**She got what she wanted but her tale is sad
Her stuff was good, but the dope was bad.**

Chorus

**Bill he sighed, and Sue she cried,
And then they both lay down and died.**

Chorus

**Now in the graveyard side by side
Lie Cocaine Bill and his Morphine bride.**

HOP HEAD

As sung by Judith Tobey

Hop Head went for a dreamy stroll,
Looking for a pill that he couldn't roll.
Roasted and toasted the whole night through,
Till he dangled at the end of a chink's bamboo.

Dreamt he had a million nickels and dimes,
Counted 'em over a million times.
Million girls so pretty and fair,
With big blue eyes and golden hair.

Went to England to get away from jails,
There he got acquainted with the Prince of Wales.
Took his watch and his diamond pin—
And along came a Bobby and run him in.

Went to China for to fight Japan,
There he got acquainted with Li Hung Chan,
Li Hung Chan said, "Perhaps—
You'd be better off in Brooklyn shootin' craps."

So he laid his head on a Suey Pow,
And he stabbed himself with a Yen Shi Gow,
And in the morning won't you let me in,
'Cause Hop Sing Toy you're a friend of mine.



THE FATE OF THE CIGARETTE FIEND
ENGRAVED BY JOHN HELD JR.

WILLIE THE WEEPER



Did you ev - er hear tell a - bout Wil - lie the weep - er,



Wil - lie the weep - er was a chim - ney sweep - er,



Had the dope hab - it and had it bad,



Lis - ten while I'll tell you 'bout the dream he had.

He went to a hop house on Sat'day night,
'Cause he knew the lights would be burning bright.
Then he smoked a dozen pills or more,
Dreamt he was living on a foreign shore.

Around a lay-out table a couple of hop-fiends lay,
Come closer and I'll tell you what they had to say,
Tales of money they were going to make
And faro banks they were goin' to break.

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

He went to Monte Carlo and he played roulette,
He couldn't lose a dollar, won every single bet.
Then they told him that the bank was broke,
He bought eighteen millions dollars worth of coke.

This is the tale of Willie the Weeper,
Willie the Weeper who was a chimney sweeper,
Went to sleep on his hall-room flop,
Dreamt he had a million dollars worth of hop.

COCAINE LIL AND MORPHINE SUE

Did you ever hear about Cocaine Lil?
She lived in Cocaine town on Cocaine hill,
She had a cocaine dog and a cocaine cat,
They fought all night with a cocaine rat.

She had cocaine hair on her cocaine head.
She had a cocaine dress that was poppy red;
She wore a snowbird hat and sleigh-riding clothes.
On her coat she wore a crimson, cocaine rose.

Big gold chariots on the Milky Way,
Snakes and elephants silver and gray.

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

**Oh the cocaine blues they make me sad,
Oh the cocaine blues make me feel bad,**

**Lil went to a snow party one cold night,
And the way she sniffed was sure a fright.
There was Hophead Mag with Dopey Slim
Kankakee Liz and Yen Shee Jim.**

**There was Morphine Sue and the Poppy Face Kid,
Climbed up snow ladders and down they skid;
There was the Stepladder Kit, a good six feet,
And the Sleigh-riding Sister who were hard to beat.**

**Along in the morning about half past three
They were all lit up like a Christmas tree;
Lil got home and started for bed,
Took another sniff and it knocked her dead.**

**They laid her out in her cocaine clothes:
She wore a snowbird hat with a crimson rose;
On her headstone you'll find this refrain:
"She died as she lived, sniffing cocaine."**

HOP SONG

As Reported by Judge Louis B. Hart

**Rich people now they don't take a drop,
They fill themselves up on cocaine or the hop.
Singing: Oh! Oh! Honey! Baby, won't you be mine?
Have a (sniff) on me!**

**Walked up Broadway down on Main,
Tried to dig up a dime to buy some cocaine.
Singing: Oh! Oh! Honey! Baby, won't you be mine?
Have a (sniff) on me!**

**Cocaine's for horses and it's not for men,
Doctor says 'twill kill you, but don't say when.
Singing: Oh! Oh! Honey! Baby, won't you be mine?
Have a (sniff) on me!**

**When I die bury me low,
Bury me deep in a nice bunch of snow.
Singing: Oh! Oh! Honey! Baby, won't you be mine?
Have a (sniff) on me!**

On the (sniff) the gesture of closing a nostril with one finger and tapping the base of the other with another.

JOHNNY SANDS

As sung by Harry T. Ramsey



There was a man named John-ny Sands who



mar-ried Bet - ty Hague, And though she brought him



gold and lands She proved a ter-ri-ble plague. For,

⊕ Last time to CODA



oh, she was a scold-ing wife, full of ca-price and



whim, He said that he was tired of life and



she was tired of him, And she was tired of him.

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS



Said he, "My dear, I'll drown myself,
The river runs below."
Said she, "Pray do, you silly elf,
I've wished it long ago."
Says he, "Upon the brink I'll stand.
Do you run down the hill
And push me in with all your might."
Says she, "My dear, I will."
Says she, "My dear, I will."

"For fear that I should courage lack
And try to save my life,
Pray tie my hands behind my back."
"I will," replied his wife.

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

She tied them fast, as you may think,
And when securely done,
"Now stand, dear John, upon the brink,
And I'll prepare to run.
And I'll prepare to run."

Down, down the hill the loving bride
Now came with all her force
To push him in—he stepped aside,
And she went in of course.
Now splashing, dashing like a fish,
"Oh save me, Johnny Sands."
'I can't, my dear, though much I wish,
For you have tied my hands.
For you have tied my hands."

OH, NO, JOHN!

As sung by the Fuller Sisters

On yonder hill there stands a creature,
Who she is I do not know;
I'll go and court her for her beauty,
She must answer "Yes" or "No."
Oh, no, John, no, John, no, John, no.

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

My father was a Spanish captain,
Went to sea a month ago;
First he kissed me, then he left me,
Bade me always answer "No!"
Oh, no, John, no, John, no, John, no.

O madam, in your face is beauty,
On your lips red roses grow;
Will you take me for your lover?
Madam, answer "Yes" or "No."
Oh, no, John, no, John, no, John, no.

O madam, I will give you jewels,
I will make you rich and free,
I will give you silken dresses;
Madam, will you marry me?
Oh, no, John, no, John, no, John, no.

O madam, if you are so cruel,
And that you do scorn me so,
If I may not be your lover,
Madam, will you let me go?
Oh, no, John, no, John, no, John, no.

Then I will stay with you forever,
Since you will not be unkind;

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

Madam, I have vowed to love you,
Would you have me change my mind?
Oh, no, John, no, John, no, John, no.

Hark! I hear the trumpets ringing,
Will you come and be my wife?
Or, dear madam, have you settled
To live single all your life?
Oh, no, John, no, John, no, John, no.

A LITTLE MORE CIDER

As sung by James O'Reilly

Miss Dinah when she goes to church
She looks so neat and gay.
She has to take the dogs along
To keep the boys away.

Chorus

A little more cider
And a little more cider, too;
A little more cider for Miss Dinah
And we all like cider, too

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

**Miss Dinah is a coffee pot
Her nose it is the spout;
And every time she turns around
The coffee it pours out.**

Chorus

**Miss Dinah when she goes to bed,
She turns herself about.
She puts the candle in the bed
And blows herself right out.**

Chorus

**Miss Dinah is an ugly bird,
She carries an ugly bill:
She lights right down in the middle of the field
And plucks out hill by hill.**

Chorus

**I went down to Miss Dinah's home,
Miss Dinah was a-grubbing.
She picked up a club and lit into me
And give me a devil of a clubbing.**

THE BOSTON BURGLAR

The musical score is written on six staves, each with a treble clef and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is simple and catchy, with lyrics written below the notes. The lyrics tell the story of a burglar from Boston who was brought up by honest parents and became a roving lad.

I was born in Bos - ton cit-y, a
town you all know well, Brought up by hon - est
par - ents; To you the truth I'll tell;
Brought up by hon - est par - ents and raised
most care - ful - ly 'Till I be - came a
roving lad when I was twen - ty - three.

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

For burglarizing I was taken and I was sent to jail,
My friends tried to bail me out, but it was of no avail.
The judge he read my sentence, the clerk he wrote it
down:

“For seven long and dreary years you are going to Jefferson Town.”

To see my aged father come a-pleading to the bar,
To see my aged mother a-pulling her gray hair,
Pulling her old gray locks, my lad, and the tears come
streaming down;
Said she, “My son, what have you done? You’re going to
Jefferson Town.”

They put me aboard an east-bound train one cold
December day,
And every station that I passed I’d hear the people say;
“There goes that Boston burglar, in chains he’s bound
down,
For a-robbing of a Boston bank he’s going to Jefferson
Town.”

And there’s a girl in Boston; I know she loves me well,
And if ever I regain my liberty ’tis with this girl I’ll
dwell;
And if ever I regain my liberty, bad company I’ll shun,
I’ll bid adieu to gambling, night-walking and drinking
rum.

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

Come all you merry fellows, a warning take from me,
And never go a-night-walking and shun bad company,
For if you do, you'll surely rue, and you'll be sent like me,
For seven long and weary years to the stone penitentiary.

LUCKY JIM.

Jim was my friend, till one unhappy day
The usual cause—a pretty girl—came in our way.
From that day on we seemed to drift apart,
For each aspired to win her maiden heart;
But, though I tried each art and winning wile,
'Twas not on me she gave her sweetest smile;
Each day I saw my chances grow more slim,
Until—to my despair—one day she married him.
Ah, lucky Jim!
How I envied him.

Three years passed on—long years they seemed to me—
And then Jim died, and once more she was free.
Before me rose the bright hopes of the past;
I wooed, I sued and married her at last.
I've got my way; and, now she is my wife,
I know just what there is in married life;
And when I think of Jim, though underground,
Enjoying peace and quiet most profound—
Ah, lucky Jim!
How I envy him.



FAIR FANNIE MOORE

Down in yonder cottage, all forsaken and forlorn,
The work there neglected and the grass overgrown.
Look in and you'll see some red stains upon the floor.
Alas! it is the blood of the fair Fannie Moore.

The first to come a-courting was young Randall the
proud;
He offered fair Fanny his wealth and his word.
His gold and his silver all failed to secure
The heart or the hand of the fair Fanny Moore.

Then next came young Henry, of low-line degree;
He won her fond heart, and enraptured was he.
Straightway to the altar he did then secure
The heart and the hand of the fair Fanny Moore.

As Fanny was sitting in her cottage one day,
When business had called her fond husband away,
Young Randall, the traitor burst open the door,
And clasped in his arms the fair Fanny Moore.

O, Fanny, fair Fanny, reflect upon your fate;
Accept of my offer before it is too late,
There's one thing for certain, I am bound to secure
The life or the love of the fair Fanny Moore.

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

O, spare me; O, spare me, fair Fanny did cry;
O, spare me; O, spare me; I'm not prepared to die.
Go, then, said the traitor, to the land of the rest,
And he buried his knife in her snowy white breast.

Fair Fanny, all blooming in blood stain, she died;
Young Randall was taken, found guilty and tried;
Young Randall was hanged on a tree by the door,
For shedding the blood of the fair Fanny Moore.

Young Henry, the shepherd, went distracted and wild;
He wandered away from his own native stile;
He wandered away from his own native shore,
Lamenting the fate of the fair Fanny Moore.

He roamed through old Ireland, he roamed through old
Spain,
He roamed through old England, returning home again.
At last he was taken from his own cottage door,
And laid in the grave with the fair Fanny Moore.

SPRINGFIELD MOUNTAIN



On Spring-field Mount-in there did dwell A like-ly youth who



was known full well-el - el - el Ri - tu - ri - nu - ri - na.

One Monday morning he did go,
Out to the meadow for to mow.
Ri tu ri nu ri na.

A round or two and he did feel,
When a pizen serpent bit his heel
Ri tu ri nu ri na.

When he received this deadly wound,
He dropped his scythe upon the ground.
Ri tu ri nu ri na.

They carried him to his Polly dear,
Which made her feel so terribly queer.
Ri tu ri nu ri na.

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

And there they put him down to rest,
And there the poor man slept his last.
Ri tu ri nu ri na.

The tenth of August in Seventy-one,
Was when this fateful accident was done.
Ri tu ri nu ri na.

Let this be a warning to you all,
To be prepared when your time does call.
Ri tu ri nu ri na.

I'VE ONLY BEEN DOWN TA THE CLUB

As sung by James O'Reilly

Last night I was out rather late;
It was only an innocent spree.
My wife for my coming did wait
When sleeping I thought she would be.
My boots I left down in the hall
And softly I crept up the stair:
I kept rather close to the wall,

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

And thought to ascend unaware.
But just as I got to the door,
I seemed to get lost in the dark;
I stumbled and fell to the floor,
Just then I could only remark:

Chorus

The club had a meeting tonight, love,
Of business we had a great sight, love,
Don't think for a moment I'm tight,
I've only been down to the club.

I found her in temper and tears,
She cried it's a sin and a shame.
She scratched both my eyes and ears,
Just then I could only explain:
She sobbed, she wept and she screamed,
She said she'd go back to her Ma;
While I on the mantel-piece leaned
And tried to enjoy my cigar.
I told her I'd buy her a dress,
If she'd leave me alone for a while;
I gave her a sweet little kiss
When I saw her beginning to smile.


Chorus



BALLAD OF A YOUNG MAN

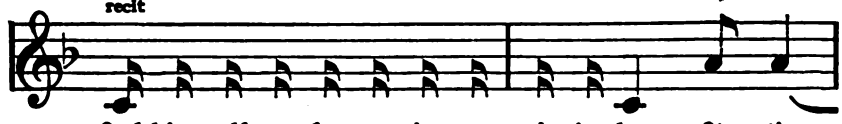
As sung by Helen Ramsey

Verse I




There was a young man, and he came to New York, to

recit




find him-self a lu-cra-tive po-si-tion be-fit-ting

Verse II




his tal-ents. And he haunt-ed all the Em-ploy-

recit




ment A-gen-cies, but was near-ly starved to death, When at

recit



last he got a job in a stone quar-ry with



all the oth-er Col-lege grad - - u - ates.

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

And after Work was done
they lured him into a Saloon
and tempted him to drink
a glass of Beer.

But he'd promised his dear old Mother
that he never would Imbibe,
that he'd never touch his Lips to a glass
containing Liquor.

They laughed at him and Jeered
and they called him a cow-yard
Till at last he clutched and drained
the glass of Beer.

When he seen what he had Did
he dashed his glass upon the floor
and Staggered out the door
with Delirium Tremens.

And the first person that he met
was a Salvation Army Lass
and with one kick he broke
her Tambourine.

When she seen what he had Did
She placed a Mark upon his Brow
with a kick that she had learned before
she was Saved.

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

And the Moral of this tale
is to Shun that Fatal glass
and don't go around kicking
Other people's Tambourines.

ROLICKING BILL THE SAILOR

This bit must be meat and drink to those initiates who know the correct words. There are many versions, all of them far better than the appended sample, but it is well to remember that the Pilgrims landed on the rock.

"Who's that a-knocking at my door?"

Cried the fair young maiden.

"Who's that a-knocking at my door?"

Cried the fair young maiden.

"It's me, myself, and nobody else!"

Cried Rollicking Bill, the Sailor.

"It's me, myself, and nobody else!"

Cried Rollicking Bill, the Sailor.

"But we have only one bed!"

Cried the fair young maiden.

"But we have only one bed!"

Cried the fair young maiden.

Well, figure it out for yourself and damned be he who first cries, Hold!
Enough!"

THE DOG-CATCHER'S CHILD

As Sung by Helen Ramsey



Oh the moon shines to - night on the



riv - er, But not on the



dog-catch-er's child, For he fed her some raw



liv - er, And raw meat makes dog-peo-ple



wild; Now he sits all a - lone in his



man - sion, The soup drib - bles

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS



THE SAILOR'S RETURN

Home came the sailor, home from the sea,
And there in the stable a strange horse did see.
"O wife, now tell me what can this mean,
A strange brown horse where my mare should have
been?"

"You old fool, you danged fool, you son-of-a-gun,"
said she,

"It's nothing but a milk cow my mother sent to me."

"Miles have I sailed, five thousand or more,
But a cow without an udder I never saw before."

Home came the sailor, home from the sea,
And there in the parlor a strange coat saw he.

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

**"O wife, now tell me what can this mean,
A coat that's not mine where my coat should have been?"**

**"You old fool, you danged fool, you son-of-a-gun,"
said she,**

"It's nothing but a blanket my mother sent to me."

**"Miles have I sailed, five thousand or more,
But buttons on a blanket I never saw before."**

**Home came the sailor, home from the sea,
And there in his bed a strange face did see.**

**"O wife, now tell me what does this mean,
Another man's head where my own should have been?"**

**"You old fool, you danged fool, you son-of-a-gun,"
said she,**

**"It's nothing but a cabbage head my mother sent
to me."**

**"Miles have I sailed, five thousand or more,
But whiskers on a cabbage head I never saw before."**

Note: The above is the sterilization of a ribald old ballad, "Our Gude Man" page 31, that still finds great favor among men without women. Mr. Charles J. Finger, in his "Frontier Ballads" has another version that many, like this editor, may consider far superior.

THE CAISSONS ARE ROLLING ALONG

Artillery Song

Over hill and dale we have hit the dusty trail,
And those caissons go rolling along.
Countermarch! Right about! Hear those wagon soldiers
shout,
While those caissons go rolling along.

Chorus

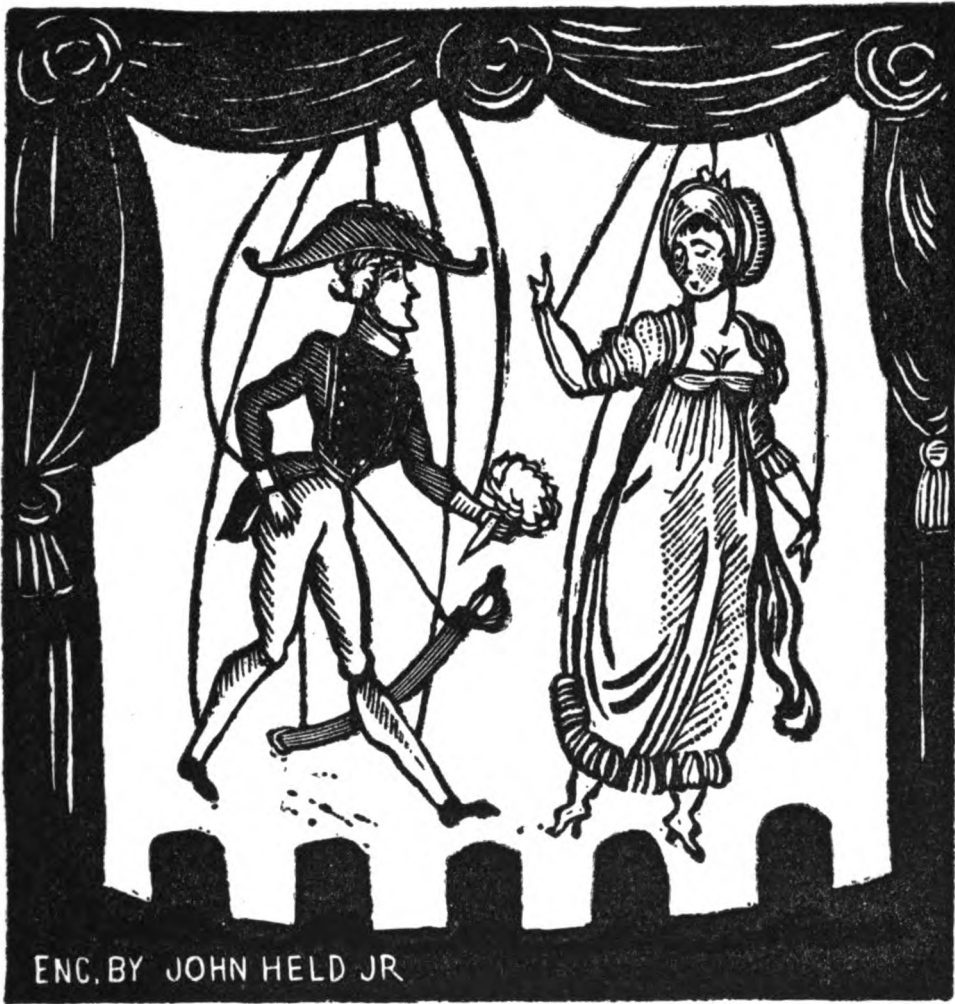
Oh, it's hi-hi-yee! For the field artillery,
Shout out your numbers loud and strong.
And where'er we go, you will always know
That the caissons are rolling along,
That those caissons are rolling along.

To the front, day and night, where the doughboys dig and
fight,
And those caissons go rolling along.
Our barrage will be there, fired on the rocket's red flare,
While those caissons go rolling along.

Chorus

With the cavalry boot to boot, we will keep up the pursuit,
And those caissons go rolling along.
To the front, day and night, where the doughboys dig and
fight,
While those caissons come rolling along.

Chorus



YOUNG MONROE AT GERRY'S ROCK

A Shanty-Boy's Song

Come all ye true-born shan-ty - boys, wher -
ev - er you may be, Come sit ye on the]
dea-con seat and lis - ten un - to me.
I'll sing the jam on Ger - ry's Rock and a
he - ro you should know, The brav-est of all
shan - ty - boys, the fore-man, Young Mon - roe.

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

It was on a Sunday morning, as you will quickly hear,
Our logs were piled mountain high, we could not keep
them clear.

Our foreman said, "Come, cheer up lads, with hearts
relieved of fear,
We'll break the jam on Gerry's Rock and for Saginaw
we'll steer."

Now some of them were willing, while others they were
not,

For to work on jams on Sunday they did not think we
ought;

But six of our Canuck boys did volunteer to go
And break the jam on Gerry's Rock, with a foreman
named Monroe.

They had not rolled off many logs when they heard his
clear voice say:

"I'd have you lads on your guard, for the jam will soon
give way."

These words were hardly spoken when the mass did
break and go,

And it carried off those six brave lads, and their fore-
man, Young Monroe.

When the rest of our brave shanty-boys, the sad news
came to hear,

In search of their dead comrades, to the river they did
steer.

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

Some of the mangled bodies a-floating down did go,
While crushed and bleeding near the bank was that
of Young Monroe.

They took him from his watery grave, smoothed back his
raven hair;
There was one fair girl among them whose sad cries
rent the air;
There was one fair form among them, a maid from
Saginaw town,
Whose moans and cries rose to the skies, for her true
lover, who'd gone down.

For Clara was a nice young girl, the riverman's true
friend;
She with her widowed mother dear, lived near the
river's bend.
The wages of her own true love the boss to her did pay,
And the shanty boys for her made up a generous purse
next day.

They buried him with sorrow deep, 'twas on the first of
May;
Come all you brave shanty boys and for your comrade
pray.
Engraved upon a hemlock tree that by the grave did grow
Was the name and date of the sad fate of the foreman,
Young Monroe.

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

Fair Clara did not long survive; her heart broke with
her grief,

And scarcely two months later death came to her
relief.

And when this time had passed away and she was called
to go,

Her last request was granted, to rest beside Young
Monroe.

Come all you brave shanty boys: I would have you call
and see

Those two green mounds by the riverside, where grows
the hemlock tree.

The shanty boys cleared off the wood, by the lovers there
laid low:

'Twas the handsome Clara Vernon and our foreman,
Young Monroe.

BIBLE STORIES



The earth was made in six days and fin-ished on the



sev-enth, Ac-cord-ing to the con-tract it



should have been the 'lev-enth. The car-pen-ters got



drunk and the Ma-sons would-n't work, So the



cheap-est thing to do was to fill it up with dirt.

Chorus

Old folks, young folks, everybody come,
Join the darkies' Sunday school and make yourselves at
home.

Kindly check your chewing gum and razors at the door,
And we'll tell you Bible stories that you never heard
before.

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

Adam was the first man and Eve she was his spouse;
They lost their job for stealing fruit and went to keeping
house.

All was very peaceful and quiet on the main
Until a little baby came and they started raising Cain.

Chorus

The Lord made the devil, and the devil made sin;
The Lord made a cubbyhole to put the devil in.
The devil got sore and said he wouldn't stay;
The Lord said he had to, 'cause he couldn't get away.

Chorus

Cain he raised potatoes and he peddled them in town.
Abel called him hayseed every time he came around
Cain he laid a stick of wood on brother Abel's head,
And when he took that stick away, he found poor Abel
dead.

Chorus

Noah was the keeper of the Asiatic zoo;
He built an ocean liner when he hadn't much to do;
One day he got excited when the sky was getting dark,
So he gathered all his animals and put them in the ark.

Chorus

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

It rained for forty days and it rained for forty nights,
The water washed the land completely out of sight!
But when Noah was a-wondering as to what he'd better
do,
The ark hit Mount Ararat and stuck as tight as glue!

Chorus

Methuselah is famous, because he couldn't croak,
Although he finally grew to be an old and seedy bloke.
He had so many whiskers that you couldn't see his head;
If he'd lived a little longer, he'd have used them for his
bed.

Chorus

Elijah was an aeronaut, or else I am a liar,
He ascended up to heaven in a chariot of fire;
His eccentric disappearance gave the Israelites a shock,
They said he beat the Wright brothers by fully half a
block.

Chorus

Abraham was a patriarch, the father of his set;
He took his little Ikey out to kill him on a bet.
And he'd have met his finish if it wasn't for a lamb,
For papa had his razor out and didn't give a damn!

Chorus

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

Esau was a cowboy of a wild and woolly make,
His father gave him half the land and half to brother
 Jake;
But when he saw his title to the land it wasn't clear—
He sold it to his brother for a sandwich and a glass of
 beer!

Chorus

Daniel was a brave man who wouldn't mind the king;
The king he said he never heard of such a thing;
Thrust him down a man-hole with lions all beneath,
But Daniel was a dentist—and pulled the lion's teeth!

Chorus

Jonah was an emigrant, so runs the Bible tale,
He took an ocean voyage in a transatlantic whale.
The whale was over-crowded which put Jonah to distress,
So Jonah pushed the button and the whale did all the rest.

Chorus

David was a shepherd's boy, his mother's pride and joy;
His father gave him a slingshot, a harmless little toy.
Along came Goliath, a-looking for a fuss,
David heaved a cobblestone and caved in his crust.

Chorus

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

**Samson was a strong man of the John L. Sullivan school;
He killed a thousand Philistines with the jawbone of a
mule!**

**Along came a woman who filled him up with gin,
And shaved off his whiskers and the coppers pulled him in.**

Final Chorus

**Walk in, walk in, walk in, I say,
Walk into the parlor and hear the banjos play,
Walk into the parlor and hear the banjos ring,
And see the nigger's finger a-picking on the string.**



**MY GOD!!
THE LIGHT HAS FAILED**

WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG, MAGGIE



I wan-der'd to - day to the hill, Mag-gie, To



watch the scene be - low; The creek and the creak-ing old



mill, Mag-gie, As we used to, long a -



go. The green grove is gone from the



hill, Mag - gie, Where first the dai - sies



sprung; The creak - ing old mill is

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS



Chorus



A city so silent and lone, Maggie,
Where the young and the gay and the best,
In polished white mansions of stone, Maggie,
Have each found a place of rest,
Is built where the birds used to play, Maggie,
And join in the songs that were sung,

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

For we sang as gay as they, Maggie,
When you and I were young.

Chorus

They say I am feeble with age, Maggie,
My steps are less sprightly than then,
My face is a well-written page, Maggie,
But time alone was the pen.
They say we are aged and gray, Maggie,
As spray by the white breakers flung;
But to me you're as fair as you were, Maggie,
When you and I were young.

Chorus

SEVEN LONG YEARS

A variation of "The Prisoner's Song"

Seven long years I've been married,
Wished that I'd lived an old maid;
For ever since I've been married
My husband won't work at his trade.

He promised me before we were married
That I should be young and gay:
And every night of the week long
Should go to a party or play.



THE ORGANIST'S REMORSE "ALAS TWAS I AS SINNED"

END BY JOHN HELD JR. NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THE SIGNATURE

I'LL GIVE MY LOVE A CHERRY

(Southern Mountain Ballad)

As sung by Margaret Marshall

The musical score is written on four staves, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is simple and folk-like, with a mix of quarter, eighth, and half notes. The lyrics are written below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes. The first staff ends with a double bar line, while the others end with a single bar line.

I'll give my love a cher-ry with-out a stone, I'll
give my love a chick-en with-out a bone, I'll
give my love a ring that has no end, I'll
give my love a ba-by that has no cry-in'.

How can there be a cherry without a stone?
How can there be a chicken without a bone?
How can there be a ring that has no end?
How can there be a baby that has no cryin'?

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

A cherry in the bloom, it has no stone,
A chicken in the egg, it has no bone,
A ring that's rolling, it has no end,
A baby when it's sleepin', it has no cryin'.

WHAT'S THE USE?

As sung by Raymond Hitchcock

Some call this the best old world that nature could
contrive,

One thing's sure, that none of us get out of it alive.
Things go on year after year in much the same old style,
Makes you sometimes wonder if anything's worthwhile.
No one knows just where the world is going to so fast,
Life's a great conundrum which we will give up at last.
All the dreaming, all the scheming since the days of yore
Seem to land us just precisely where we were before.

So what's the use of people growing old and dying
if we must be born again?

O what's the use of all these cunning little babies
growing up to homely men?

O what's the use of lending any one a five-spot if the
next time he borrows ten?

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

All single folks 'tis said often wish that they were
wed

And those who are wish they were dead.

So what's the use?

What's the use of drinking if you always have a thirst?
Twenty drinks will make you far more thirsty than the
first.

Seems to me to take a bath is quite a hopeless case!
You'll get dirty once again and wash the same old face!

What's the use of giving good advice to people now?
Wise men need it not and fools don't take it anyhow.
Take the straight and narrow path, the parsons always
say.

What's the use of telling that to people on Broadway.

So what's the use of fellows having lots of push if
some one else has got the pull?

O what's the use of speculating all your cash, if
you're a bear you make a bull?

O what's the use of people saying you're a bear if
then they fleece you for your wool?

It's the old bull con, you are a lamb and later on you
are a lobster when it's gone,

So what's the use?

JIM FISK, JR.



If you'll lis - ten a- while, I'll sing you a



song Of this glo - ri - ous land of the free; . . .



And the dif - fer - ence I'll show 'twixt the



rich and the poor, In a tri - al by the



ju - ry, you'll see. . . . If you've plen - ty of



stamps you can hold up your head, And walk from your

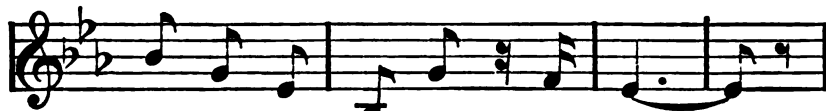


own pri - son door, . . . But they'll hang you up

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS



high, if you've no friends or gold, Let the

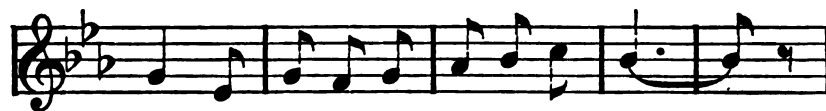


rich go, but hang up the poor. . . .

Refrain



In the tri - als for mur - der we have now - a -



days, The rich ones get off swift and sure. . . .



If you've thou - sands to pay to the ju - ry and judge,



You may bet they'll go back on the poor. . . .

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

Let me speak of a great man who is now in the grave,
As good a man as ever was born.
Jim Fisk he was called and his money he gave
To the outcast, the poor and forlorn.
We all know that he loved both women and wine,
But his heart it was right, I am sure;
He lived like a prince in his palace so fine,
But he never went back on the poor.

Jim Fisk was a man, wore his heart on his sleeve,
No matter what people would say:
He did all his deeds, both the good and the bad,
In the broad open light of the day:
With his grand six-in-hand at the beach at Long Branch,
He cut a big dash, to be sure.
But Chicago's big fire showed the world that Jim Fisk
With his wealth still remembered the poor.

When the telegram came that the poor and distressed
Were starving to death, slow but sure,
By the lightning express, sent by noble Jim Fisk,
Went food for the hungry and poor.
Now what do you think of the trial of Stokes,
Who murdered this friend of the poor?
If such men go free, is any one safe
To step from outside their own door?

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

Is there one law for the rich and one for the poor?

It seems so, at least so they say;

But if they hang up the poor, why hadn't the rich

Ought to swing up in the very same way?

Don't show any favor to friend or to foe,

The beggar or prince at your door.

But the millionaire you must hang up also,

And never go back on the poor.

GET AWAY, OLD MAN, GET AWAY!

Now listen all you girls when you go to choose a man,

Don't take one who is ancient, get a young one if you
can.

For an old man he is old, and an old man he is gray,

But a young man knows just how to love—

Get away, old man, get away!

Don't ever marry an old man, you'll find it doesn't pay,

For you'll soon meet a young man, who will steal your
heart away.

For an old man, etc.

You want to find a young man with healthy rosy cheeks,

For if an old man gets the rheumatiz he stays in bed
for weeks.

For an old man, etc.

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

**I wouldn't marry an old man, I'll tell you the reason why,
Tobacco juice is on his lips and his chin is never dry.
For an old man, etc.**

**I'd rather marry a young man with a goodly supply of
brains,
For there's no fool like an old fool and you cannot make
him change.
For an old man, etc.**

**An old man may have money and cattle for his farm,
But a young man hugs much better for there is power
in his arm.
For an old man, etc.**

**An old man and a young girl should never, never mix,
For no one ever found out how to teach an old dog new
tricks.
For an old man, etc.**

**Be sure to marry a young man no matter what the cost,
For an old man's like an apple when bitten by the frost.
For an old man he is old, and an old man he is gray,
But a young man knows just how to love—
Get away, old man, get away!**



HER BEAUTY SHE SOLD FOR AN OLD MAN'S GOLD
SHE'S A BIRD IN A GILDED CAGE

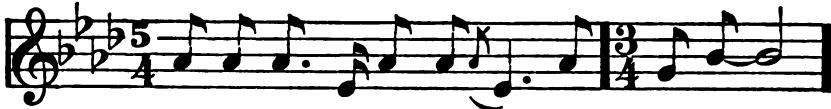
BY JOHN HELD JR THE PIONEER ENGRAVER

DIS MORNIN', DIS EVENIN', SO SOON

As sung by William B. Smith, and nicely, too.



Tell old Bill, when he leaves home dis morn-in',



Tell old Bill, when he leaves home dis eve - nin',



Tell old Bill, when he leaves home, To let dem down-town



coons a - lone, Dis morn-in', dis eve-nin', so soon.

Bill left home by de alley gate, dis mornin',
Bill left home by de alley gate, dis evenin',
Bill left home by de alley gate,
But he couldn't outrun that thirty-eight!
Dis mornin', dis evenin', so soon.

Old Bill's wife was a-bakin' bread, dis mornin',
Old Bill's wife was a-bakin' bread, dis evenin',

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

Old Bill's wife was a-bakin' bread,
When they told her Bill had been shot dead
Dis mornin', dis evenin', so soon.

Oh no, dat can't be so, dis mornin',
Oh no, dat can't be so, dis evenin',
Oh no, dat can't be so:
For Bill lef' home but a hour ago,
Dis mornin', dis evenin', so soon.

Oh no, dat cannot be, dis mornin',
Oh no, dat cannot be, dis evenin',
Oh no, dat cannot be,
For to shoot my husban' in de firs' degree,
Dis mornin', dis evenin', so soon.

Dey brought Bill home wid his toe-nails draggin', dis
mornin',
Dey brought Bill home wid his toe-nails draggin', dis
evenin',
Dey brought Bill home wid his toe-nails draggin',
Dey was taking Bill home in de hurry-up wagon,
Dis mornin', dis evenin', so soon.

THE DYING RANGER

As sung by D'Arcy Dahlberg

The sun was sink - ing in the west, And
fell with lin - g'ring ray Through the branches of the
for - est, . . Where a wound - ed ran - ger lay;
'Neath the shade of a pal - met - to . . . And the
sun - set sil - v'ry sky, Far a - way from his home in
Tex - as . . . They laid him down to die.

The musical score is written on six staves in 4/4 time, featuring a treble clef and a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The melody is characterized by a mix of eighth and quarter notes, with some measures containing rests. The lyrics are printed below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

A group had gathered round him,
His comrades in the fight,
A tear rolled down each man's cheek
As he bid a last good-night.
One tried and true companion
Was kneeling by his side,
To stop his life-blood flowing,
But alas, in vain he tried.

When to stop the life-blood flowing
He found 'twas all in vain,
The tears rolled down each man's cheek
Like light showers of rain.
Up spoke the noble ranger,
"Boys, weep no more for me,
I am crossing the deep waters
To a country that is free.

"Draw closer to me, comrades,
And listen to what I say,
I am going to tell a story
While my spirit hastens away.
Way back in Northwest Texas,
That good old Lone Star State,
There is one that for my coming
With a weary heart will wait.

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

"A fair young girl, my sister,
My only joy, my pride,
She was my friend from boyhood,
I had no one left beside.
I have loved her as a brother,
And with a father's care
I have strove from grief and sorrow
Her gentle heart to spare.

"My mother, she lies sleeping
Beneath the church-yard sod,
And many a day has passed away
Since her spirit fled to God.
My father, he lies sleeping
Beneath the deep blue sea,
I have no other kindred,
There are none but Nell and me.

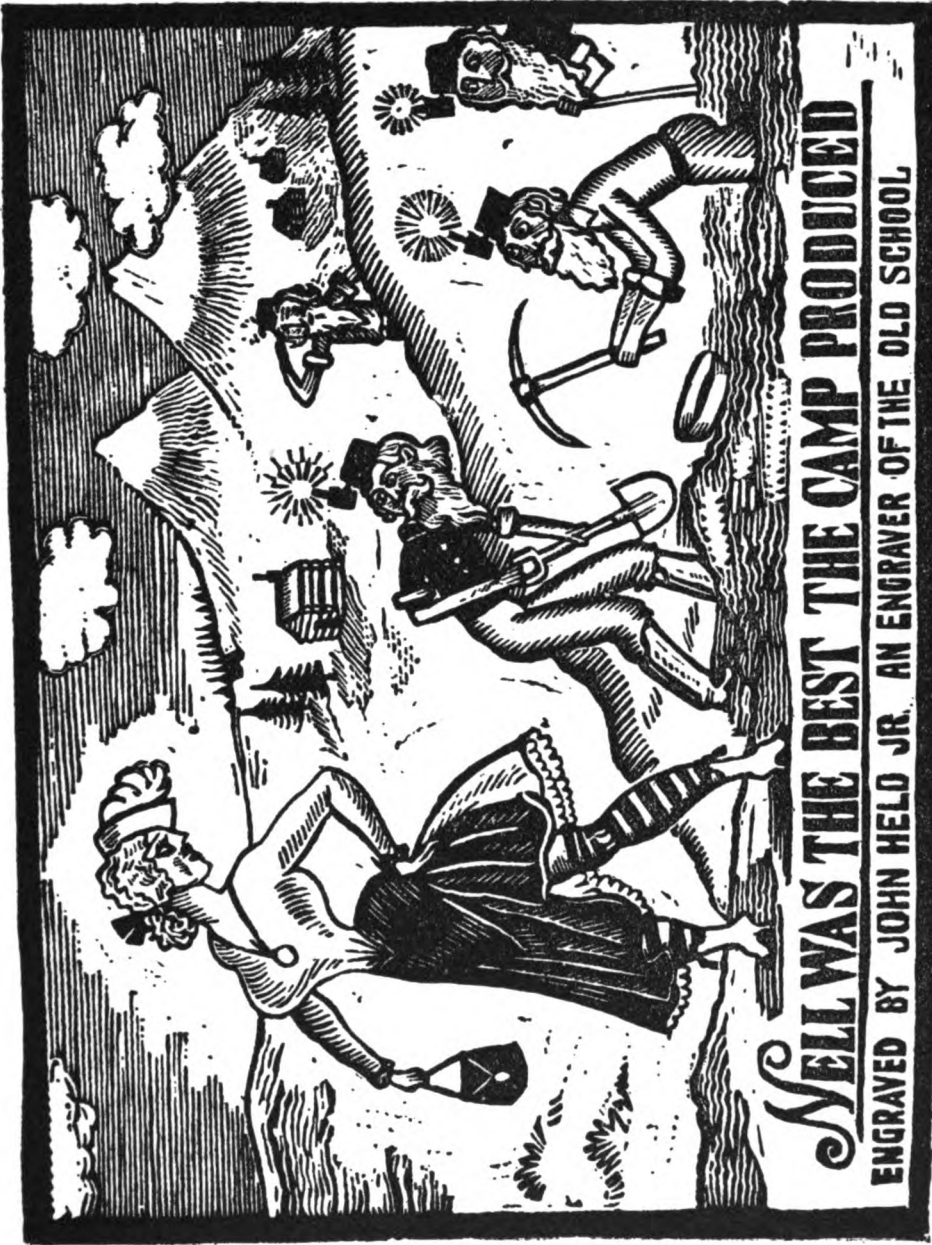
"But our country was invaded
And they called for volunteers;
She threw her arms around me,
Then burst into tears,
Saying, 'Go, my darling brother,
Drive those traitors from our shore,
My heart may need your presence,
But our country needs you more.'

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

"It is true I love my country,
For her I gave my all.
If it hadn't been for my sister,
I would be content to fall.
I am dying, comrades, dying,
She will never see me more,
But in vain she'll wait my coming
By our little cabin door.

"Comrades, gather closer
And listen to my dying prayer:
Who will be to her as a brother,
And shield her with a brother's care?"
Up spake the noble rangers,
They answered one and all,
"We will be to her as brothers
Till the last one does fall."

One glad smile of pleasure
O'er the ranger's face was spread;
One dark, convulsive shudder
And the ranger boy was dead.
Far from his darling sister
We laid him down to rest
With his saddle for a pillow
And his gun across his breast.



WELL WAS THE BEST THE CAMP PRODUCED

ENGRAVED BY JOHN HELD JR. AN ENGRAVER OF THE OLD SCHOOL

THE RECRUIT

By Robert William Chambers

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:

"Bedad, yer a bad'un!

Now, turn out yer toes

Yer belt is unhookit!

Yer cap is on crookit!

Ye may not be dhrunk,

But, be-jabers, ye look it.

Wan,—two!

Wan,—two!

Ye monkey-face divil, I'll jolly ye through!

Wan,—two!

Time! Mark!

Ye march like an aigle in Cintheral Park!"

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:

"A saint it ud sadden

To drill such a mug!

Eyes front! ye baboon, ye.

Ye've jaws like a goat,—

Halt! ye leather-lipped loon, ye!

Wan,—two!

Wan,—two!

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

Ye whiskered ourang-outang, I'll fix you!

Wan,—two!

Time! Mark!

Ye've eyes like a bat!

Can ye see in the dark?"

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:

"Yer figger wants padd'n—

Sure, man, ye've no shape!

Behin' ye, yer shoulders stick out like two bowlders;

Yer shins is as thin

As a pair of pen-holders.

Wan,—two!

Wan,—two!

Yer belly belongs on yer back, it do!

Wan,—two!

Time! Mark!

I'm as dhry as a dog,—I can't shpake, but I bark!"

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:

"Me heart it ud gladden

To blacken yer eye,

Yer getting too bold, ye

Compel me to scold ye,—

'Tis 'Halt' that I say—

Will ye heed what I told ye?

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

Wan,—two!

Wan,—two!

Be-jabers I'm dhrier than Brian Boru!

Wan,—two!

Time! Mark!

What's wu'ruk for chickens is sport for a lark!"

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:

"I'll not stay a-gadd'n

With monkeys like you!

I'll travel no farther,

I'm dying for wather;—

Come on, if ye like—

Can ye loan me a quarter!

Ya-as, you,

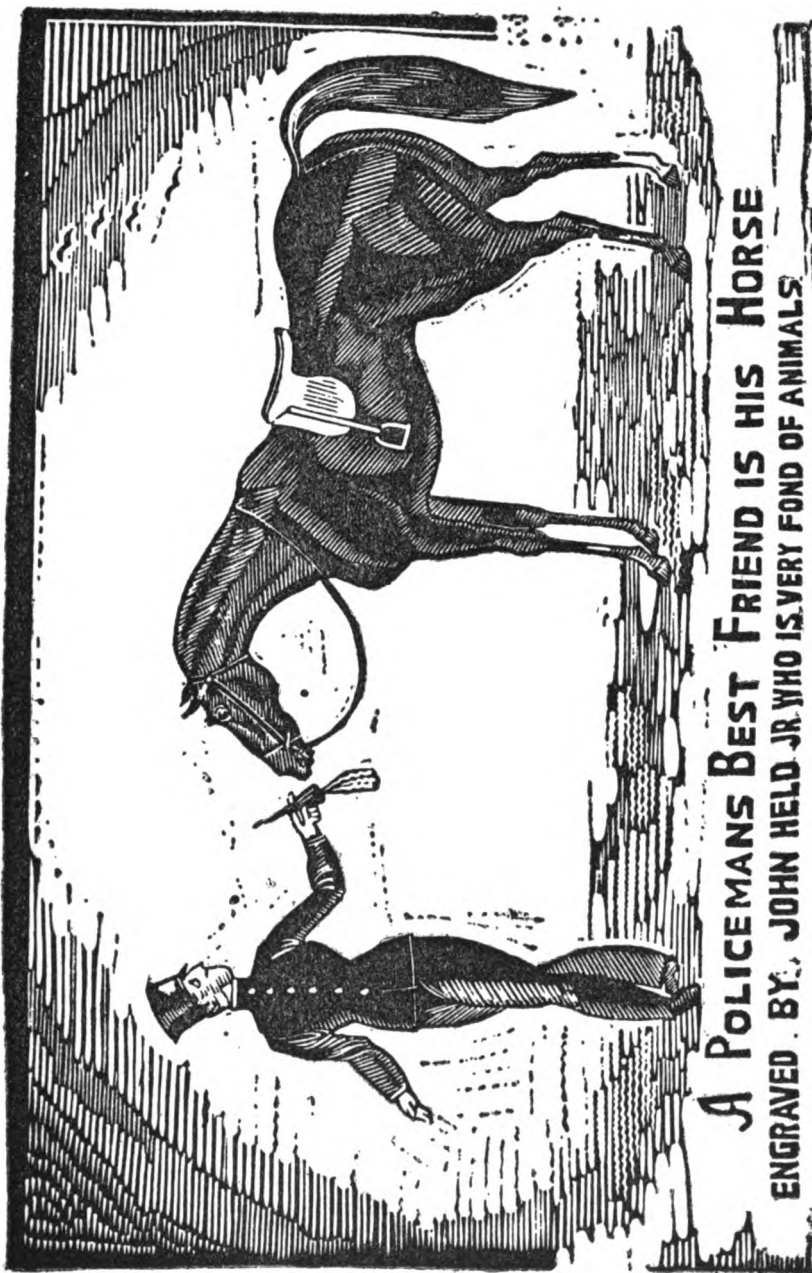
What? two?

And ye'll pay the potheen? Ye're a daisy Whurroo!

You'll do!

Whist! Mark!

The Rigmint's flattered to own ye, me spark!"



A POLICEMANS BEST FRIEND IS HIS HORSE

ENGRAVED BY JOHN HELD JR WHO IS VERY FOND OF ANIMALS

SALLY BROWN

Moderately



O Sal - ly Brown she's a bright mu - lat - ta,

Solo



Way - ay, roll and go! O she drinks rum and

Chorus



chews to - bac - ca, Spend my mon - ey on Sal - ly Brown.

Seven long years I courted Sally.
She said, "O boy, why do you dally?"

Oh Sally Brown, I long to see you!
Oh Sally Brown, I'll not deceive you!

Sally Brown's a creole lady;
I guess she's got a yellow baby.

Oh Sally Brown, what is the matter?
Pretty gal, but can't get at her.

Oh Sally lives on the old plantation,
A member of the creole nation.

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

**Now all my troubles they are over,
Way-ay, roll and go!**

**Sally's married to a cullud soldier,
I'll spend no money on Sally Brown.**

THE MIDNIGHT EXPRESS

As sung by James O'Reilly

**"Jim Blake your wife is dying!"
Came over the wires tonight:
The news was brought to the depot
By a lad nigh dead with fright.**

**He entered the office crying,
His face was awfully white:
"Send this to Dad on his engine,
Mother is dying tonight."**

**Jim Blake is our oldest driver,
He's running the midnight express:
He's pulled the throttle and lever
For most of his life I guess.**

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

And when I saw the message
Was for my comrade Jim;
You bet I sent it in a hurry,
This sad dispatch to him.

In something less than an hour
Jim's answer came back for her.
"Tell wife I'll be there at midnight;
Tell her I am praying for her."

I left my son in the office,
Took the message to Jim's wife.
There I found a dying woman
With scarcely a breath of life.

When first I entered the chamber,
She took me at first for Jim;
She sank back nigh exhausted
When she saw it was not him.

She raised her eyes to heaven,
Her face was awful white;
She said in a dying whisper,
"God speed the express tonight."

O'er hills and dale and valley,
There thundered the midnight train.
All lighting and sobbing and throbbing
Amid the fearful strain.

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

But Jim hangs on to the lever,
A-guarding its crazy flight:
While a voice cried out in the darkness,
“God speed the express tonight.”

In something less than an hour,
The express will be along.
And here is another message:—
“My God! There is something wrong.”

Yes, here it says disaster,
The train is in a ditch.
The engineer is dying,
Derailed by an open switch.

And here is another message,
From the engineer, I guess.
“Tell wife I’ll meet her in heaven,
Don’t wait for the midnight express.”



It was ARBOR DAY IN POTTERS FIELD

DEL AND SCULPT BY JOHN HELD JR 1926

THE FLYING CLOUD



My name is Ed - ward Hall - a - han and



you must un - der - stand I came from Coun - ty



Wat - er - ford and Ire - land's hap - py land.



When I was young and in my prime, fair



For - tune on me smiled, My par - ents reared



me ten - der - ly; I was their on - ly child.

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

My father bound me to a trade in Waterford's fair town,
He bound me to a cooper there, by the name of William
Brown.

I served my master faithfully for eighteen months or
more,
Then I shipped on board of the Ocean Queen, belonging
to Tramore.

When we came unto Bermuda's isle, there I met with
Captain Moore,
The commander of the Flying Cloud, hailing from
Baltimore;
He asked me if I'd ship with him, on a slaving voyage
to go,
To the burning shores of Africa, where the sugar cane
does grow.

It was after some weeks' sailing we arrived on Africa's
shore,
And five hundred of those poor slaves, my boys, from
their native land we bore.
We made them walk in on a plank, and we stowed them
down below;
Scarce eighteen inches to a man was all they had to go.
The plague and fever came on board, swept half of them
away;
We dragged the bodies up on deck and hove them in the
sea.

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

It was better for the rest of them that they had died
before,
Than to work under brutes of planters in Cuba forever-
more.

It was after stormy weather we arrived off Cuba's shore,
And we sold them to the planters there to be slaves
forevermore.

For the rice and the coffee seed to sow beneath the broil-
ing sun,
There to lead a wretched lonely life till their career was
run.

It's now our money is all spent, we must go to sea again,
When Captain Moore he came on deck and said unto
us men,
"There is gold and silver to be had if with me you'll
remain,
And we'll hoist the pirate flag aloft, and we'll scour the
Spanish Main."

We all agreed but three young men who told us them
to land,
And two of them were Boston boys, the other from New-
foundland.
I wish to God I'd joined those men and went with them
on shore,
Than to lead a wild and reckless life, serving under Cap-
tain Moore.

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

**The Flying Cloud was a Yankee ship of five hundred tons
or more:**

**She could outsail any clipper ship hailing out of Balti-
more.**

**With her canvas white as the driven snow, and on it
there's no specks,**

**And forty men and fourteen guns she carried on her
decks.**

**It's oft I've seen that gallant ship with the wind abaft
her beam,**

**With her royals and her stunsails set, a sight for to be
seen;**

**With the curling waves at her clipper bow, a sailor's joy
to feel,**

**And the canvas taut in the whistling breeze, logging
fourteen off the reel.**

**We sank and plundered many a ship down on the Spanish
Main,**

**Caused many a wife and orphan in sorrow to remain;
To them we gave no quarter, but gave them watery
graves,**

**For the saying of our captain was that dead men tell no
tales.**

**Pursued we were by many a ship, by frigates and liners
too,**

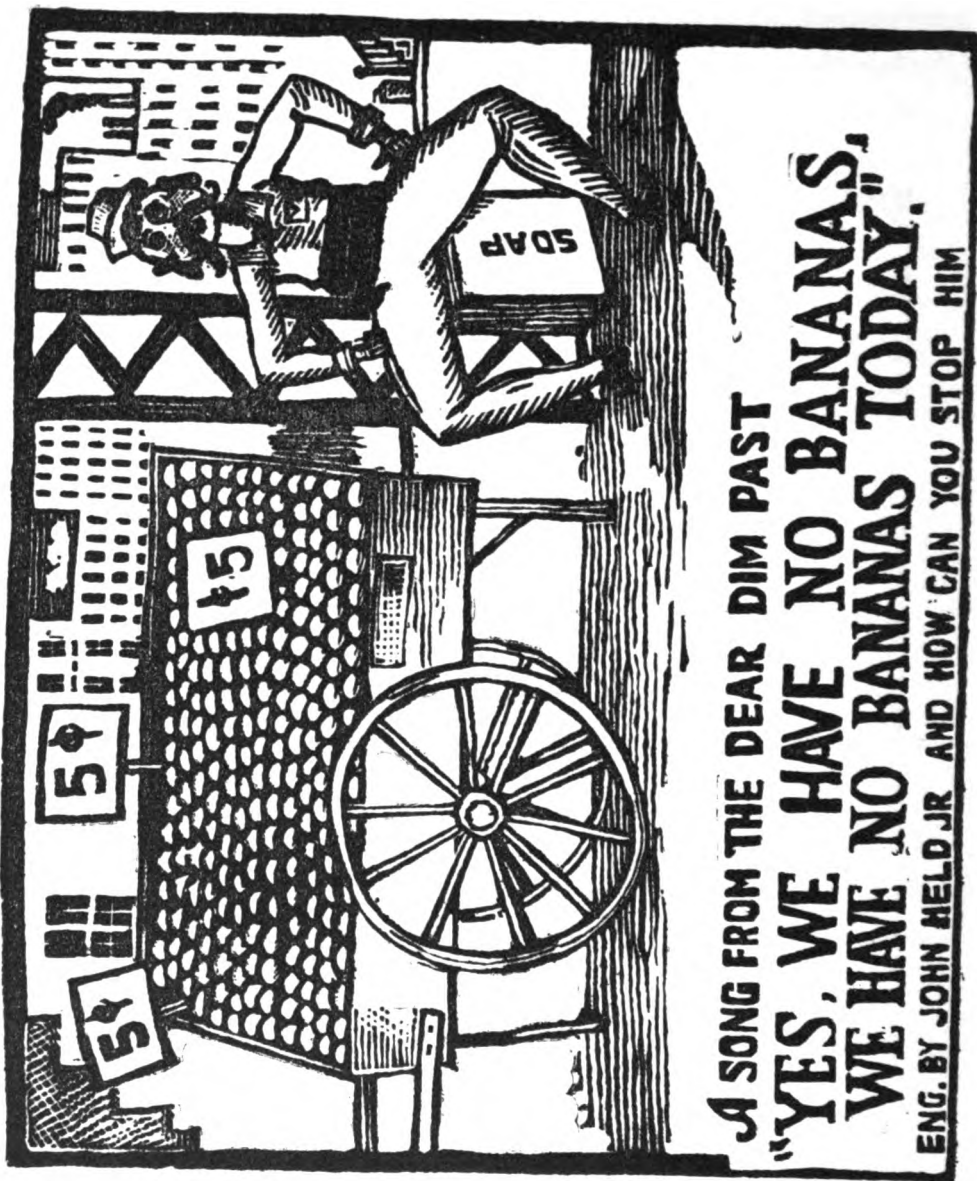
MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

Till at last a British man-o'-war, the Dungeness, hove
in view,
She fired a shot across our bow, as we sailed before the
wind,
Till a chainshot cut our mainmast down, and we fell far
behind.

Our crew they beat to quarters as she ranged up along-
side,
And soon across our quarter-deck there ran a crimson
tide.
We fought till Captain Moore was killed and twenty of
our men,
Till a bombshell set our ship on fire, we had to surrender
then.

It's next to Newgate we were brought, bound down in
iron chains,
For the sinking and the plundering of ships on the
Spanish Main.
The judge he found us guilty, we were condemned to die;
Young men, a warning by me take, and shun all piracy.

Then fare you well, old Waterford, and the girl I adore;
I'll never kiss your cheek again, or squeeze your hand no
more.
For whiskey and bad company first made a wretch of me;
Young men, a warning by me take, and shun all piracy.



A SONG FROM THE DEAR DIM PAST
"YES, WE HAVE NO BANANAS,
WE HAVE NO BANANAS TODAY."

ENG. BY JOHN HELD JR. AND HOW CAN YOU STOP HIM

THE BOHEMIA HALL

Harmony a la SETH CLARK

The musical score is written in 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the harmony consists of three parts in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "In Bo - he - mia Hall, in Bo - he - mia Hall Where ev - 'ry man is King. In Bo - he - mia Hall, in Bo - he - mia Hall We'll laugh, we'll drink, we'll sing, With a".

In Bo - he - mia Hall, in Bo - he - mia Hall Where

ev - 'ry man is King. In Bo - he - mia Hall, in Bo -

he - mia Hall We'll laugh, we'll drink, we'll sing, With a

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The lyrics are: "big stein on the ta - ble, We'll drink while we are a - ble, And we don't give a damn for any old man In Bo - he - mia Hall." The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and chords in the right hand. The third system ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

big stein on the ta - ble, We'll drink while we are

a - ble, And we don't give a damn for

any old man In Bo - he - mia Hall.

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DRUNKARD JOHN

You might have lit a lamp upon,
The fiery nose of Drunkard John.
He drank so deep at Backus' bar,
His breath for miles 'round perfumed the air.

At length his visits long protracted,
Hath well nigh set his wife distracted,
And fiery embers dimly burned
Before the boozy sot returned.

At length with patience quite exhausted,
Her cruel spouse she thus accosted:
"This night you've stayed till after 'leven,
I wish your soul were safe in heaven.

"I'd rather live in some dark cavern,
Than see you rolling home from tavern.
If you again return so late,
To lodge outside must be your fate."

"What, lock me out? You dare not do it,
For if you do you'll sadly rue it;
I'll drown me in the well hard by,
And vainly then you'll sob and sigh."

The wife replied, "My mind's at rest,
I'm sure, dear John, you only jest."
As days rolled on the cruel fetter,
So galled poor John he walked no better.

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

But heedless of his gentle wife,
In wild excitement spent his life.
The sky now dark with many a cloud
Had clothed the earth in evening shroud.

The moon from view was darkly hidden,
The stars to shine were all forbidden,
When the good wife in neat attire
Was sitting by her evening fire.

Sometimes she mused on days gone by;
Sometimes on some misfortune nigh,
When woke the kettle from its dream
And from the rising cloud of steam,

A song of mingled woe was heard,
Unlike the lay of man or bird,
But when the fearful dream was gone,
Her thoughts were fiercely fixed on John.

"He's not returned, though late the hour
And though the heavens darkly lower
No entrance to his home he'll find,
My plan is laid fixed in my mind."

Behold her cover up the fire,
And softly soon to bed retire.
Refreshing sleep had scarce stole o'er
The lady's mind when at the door

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

Came thumps and oaths, a horrid din,
"Get up and let your husband in."
"Go where you may," the good wife said,
And as she spoke her husband fled.

Crying, "You'll hear my funeral knell."
And soon a fearful weight there fell,
And sounds of dashing water come,
Then all was silent as a tomb.

"Poor John is drowned. Good Heavens," she cries,
And rushing from the room she flies,
And hastens to a neighbor near,
Her mind o'erwhelmed with grief and fear.

Cries "Fire" and "Murder" in one breath,
"Rise up and rescue John from death.
My husband's drowning in the well,
I heard the good man when he fell."

Her friends and sons in nature's dress,
Ran to the place of deep distress.
All in the haste one's knee was hurt,
When he stumbled and fell and tore his shirt.

Another bruised his tender foot at every pace,
Till at length they reached the fatal place.
With poles and hooks the well to explore,
They searched the bottom o'er and o'er.

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

But did they find the human trunk?
No, nothing but the bucket sunk.
At last while passing through the door,
They heard old John with laughter roar.

Who when his good wife fled with haste,
Himself behind the well-curb placed,
Enjoyed her fright—so cruel hearted,
And entering in as she departed.

Was safely lying in the bed,
To hear whate'er was done or said,
And choking and giggling fit to die,
Could not decide to laugh or cry.

I need not add though oft again,
Poor John returned with dizzy brain,
And tarried till the latest hour,
He never found a bolted door.

SHANAHAN'S OULD SHEBEEN

By Gerald Brennan

This is the tale that Cassidy told
In his halls a-sheen with purple and gold:
—Told as he sprawled in an easy chair,
Chewing cigars at a dollar a pair.
—told with a sigh and perchance a tear
As the rough soul showed through the cracked veneer;
—Told as he gazed on the walls near by,
Where a Greuze and a Millet were hung on high,
With a rude little print in a frame between—
A picture of Shanahan's old shebeen.

"I'm drinkin' me mornin's mornin'—but it doesn't taste
the same;
Though the glass is iv finest crystal, an' the liquor slips
down like crame;
An' me cockney footman brings it on a soort of a silver
plate,—
Sherry and bitters it is; whisky is out iv date.
In me bran' new brownstone manshin'—Fift' av'noo over
th' way,
Th' Cathedral round th' corner, an' the Lord Archbishop
to tay,
Sure I ought to be sthiff with grandeur, but me tastes are
mighty mean,
An' I'd rather a mornin's mornin' at Shanahan's ould
shebeen.

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

"Oh! well do I mind th' shanty—th' rocks, an' the field
beyant,
The dirt floor yellow wid sawdust, an' th' walls on a three-
inch shlant.
There's a twelve-story 'flat' on th' site now—('twas meself
that builded the same),
An' they called it 'The Mont-morincy'—though I wanted
the good ould name.
Me dinner-pail under me oxther, before th' whistle blew,
I'd banish th' drames from me eyelids wid a noggin', or
maybe two;
An' oh! 'twas th' illigant whisky—its like I have never
seen
Since I went for me mornin's mornin' to Shanahan's ould
shebeen.

"I disremember th' makers— I couldn't tell you th' brand;
But it smiled like the golden sunlight, an' it looked an'
tasted gr-rand.
When me throat was caked with morthar an' me head was
cracked wid a blast,
One drink o' Shanahan's dewdrops an' all me troubles
was past.
That's why, as I squat on th' cushins, wid divil a hap'orth
to do,
In a mornin' coat lined wid velvit, an' a champagne lunch
at two,

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

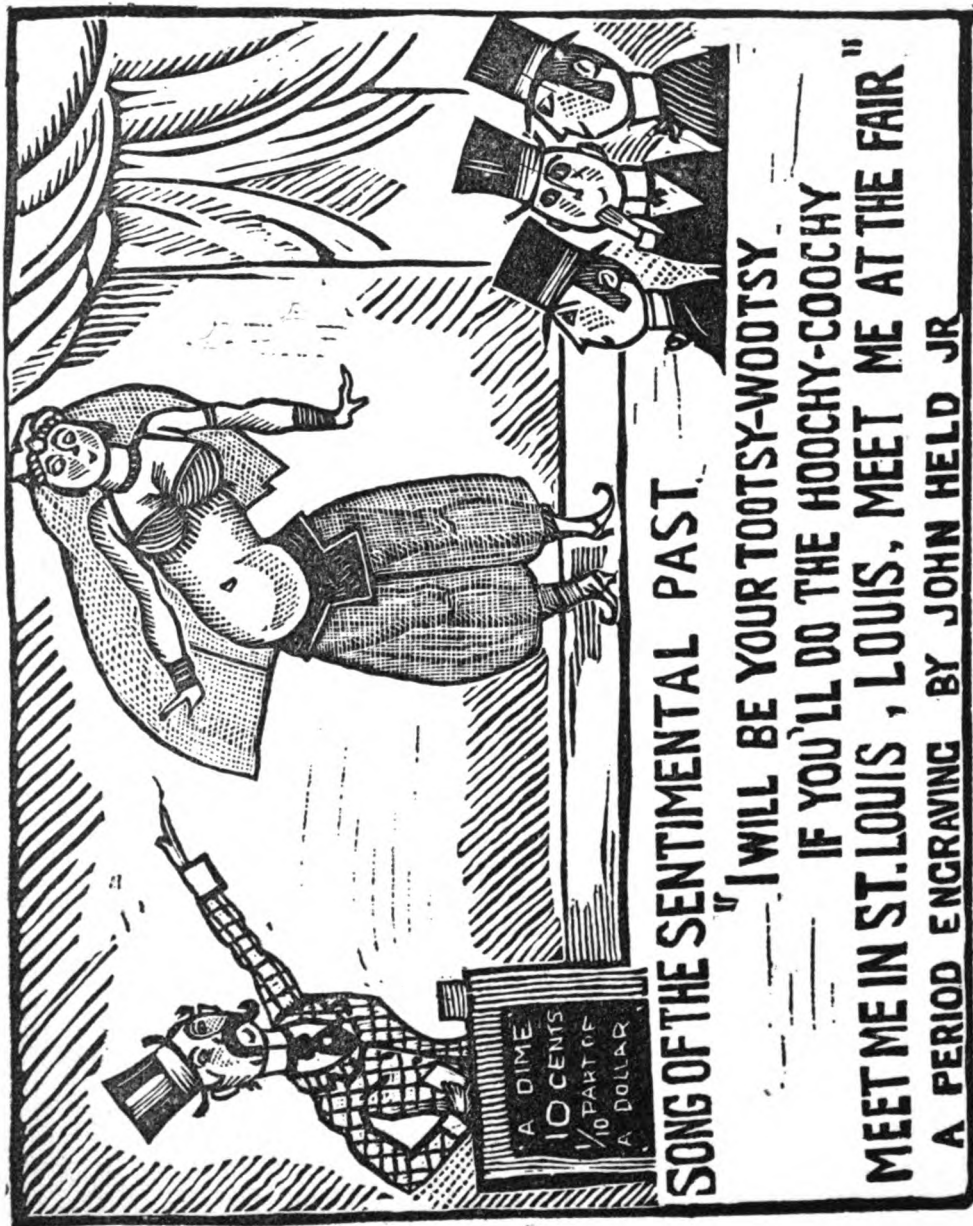
Th' mem'ry comes like a banshee meself an' me wealth
between;
An' I long for a mornin's mornin' in Shanahan's ould
shebeen.

"A mornin' coat lined wid velvit—an' me ould coat used
to do
Alike for mornin' an' evenin' (an' sometimes I slep' in
it, too),
An' 'twas divil a sup iv sherry that Shanahan kept—no
fear;
If you couldn't afford good whisky, he'd take you on trust
for beer.
Th' dacintest gang I knew there—McCarthy (Sinathor
since),
An' Murphy that mixed th' morthar (sure th' Pope has
made him a Prince),
You should see 'em, avic, o' Sundays, wid faces scraped
an' clean,
When th' boss stood a mornin's mornin' round Shana-
han's ould shebeen.

"Whist!—here comes his Grace's carriage; 'twill be lunch-
time by an' by;
An' I dasn't drink another, though me throat is powerful
dry;

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

For I've got to meet th' Archbishop—I'm a laborer now
no more,
—But, ohone! those were fine times, then, lad, an' to talk
o' 'em makes me sore.
An' whisper—there's times, I tell you, when I'd swap this
easy chair,
An' the velvit coat, an' th' footman, wid his Sassenach
nose in th' air,
—An th' Lord Archbishop himself, too, for a drink o' th'
days that ha' been,
For th' taste o' a mornin's mornin' in Shanahan's ould
shebeen."



SONG OF THE SENTIMENTAL PAST.

"I WILL BE YOUR TOOTSY-WOOTSY

IF YOU'LL DO THE HOOCHY-COOCHY

MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS, LOUIS, MEET ME AT THE FAIR"

A PERIOD ENGRAVING BY JOHN HELD JR

THE GIRL IN THE BLUE VELVET BAND

In that city of wealth, beauty and fashion;
Dear old 'Frisco, where I first saw the light,
And the many frolics that I had there
Are still in my memory tonight.

One evening while out for a ramble;
Here or there without thought or design,
I chanced on a young girl, tall and slender,
At the corner of Kearney and Pine.

On her face was the first flush of nature,
And bright eyes seemed to expand;
While her hair fell in rich, brilliant tresses,
Was entwined in a blue velvet band.

To a house of gentle ruination,
She invited me with a sweet smile;
She seemed so refined, gay and charming
That I thought I would tarry awhile.

She then shared with me a collection
Of wines of an excellent brand,
And conversed in the politest language;
The girl with the blue velvet band.

After lunch to a well-kept apartment,
We repaired to the third floor above;
And I thought myself truly in heaven,
Where reigneth the Goddess of Love.

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

Her lady's taste was resplendent,
From the graceful arrangement of things;
From the pictures that stood on the bureau,
To the little bronze Cupid with wings.

But what struck me most was an object
Designed by an artistic hand;
'Twas the costly layout of a hop-fiend,
And the fiend was my blue velvet band.

On a pile of soft robes and pillows
She reclined, I declined on the floor,
Then we both hit the pipe and I slumbered,
I pondered it over and o'er.

'Tis months since the craven arm grasped me,
And in bliss did my life glide away;
From opium to 'dipping' and thieving,
She artfully led day by day.

One evening, coming home wet and weary,
With the swag from a jewelry store;
I heard the soft voice of my loved one,
As I gently opened the door.

"If you'll give me a clue to convict him,"
Said a stranger, in tones soft and bland,
"You'll then prove to me that you love me."
"It's a go," said my blue velvet band.

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

Ah! How my heart filled with anger,
At woman, so fair, false, and vile,
And to think that I once truly adored her,
Brought to my lips a contemptuous smile.

All ill-gotten gains we had squandered
And my life was hers to command;
Betrayed and deserted for another—
Could this be my blue velvet band?

Just few moments before I was hunted
By the cops, who wounded me, too,
And my temper was none the sweetest,
As I swung myself into their view.

And the copper, not liking the glitter
Of the "44" Colt in my hand,
Hurriedly left through the window,
Leaving me with my blue velvet band.

What happened to me I will tell you:
I was ditched for a desperate crime,
There was hell in a bank about midnight,
And my pal was shot down in his prime.

As a convict of hard reputation,
Ten years of hard grind I did land,
And I often thought of the pleasures
I had with my blue velvet band.

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

One night as bed time was ringing,
I was standing close to the bars,
I fancied I heard a girl singing,
Far out in the ocean of stars.

Her voice had the same touch of sadness
I knew that but one could command,
I had the same thrill of gladness
As that of my blue velvet band.

Many months have passed since this happened,
And the story belongs to the past;
I forgave her, but just retribution
Claimed this fair but false one at last.

She slowly sank lower and lower,
Down through life's shifting sands,
Till finally she died in a hop joint,
This girl with the blue velvet band.

If she had been true when I met her,
A bright future for us was in store,
For I was an able mechanic,
And honest and square to the core.

But as sages of old have contended,
What's decreed we mortals must stand;
So a grave in the Potter's field ended
My romance with the blue velvet band.

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

Now, when I get out I will hasten
Back to my home town again,
Where my chances are good for some dollars,
All the way from a thousand to ten.

And if I'm in luck I'll endeavor
To live honest in some other land,
And bid farewell to dear old 'Frisco,
And the grave of my blue velvet band.



THE MILLMAN TRAGEDY

By Mrs. C. A. Barron

Lines on the death of William Millman, who was executed at Charlottetown, P. E. I., on April 10, 1888, for the foul murder of Mary Tuplin.

Both old and young, come ponder well, what I shall now
relate

Of this most awful tragedy in Charlottetown of late:
The murderer, of whom I write, few years beyond a boy,
William Millman was his name, his mother's hope and
joy.

She brought him up so tenderly, and did a mother's part,
Nor dreamed that time so near at hand, when he would
break her heart;

Yes, break both parents' hearts—I can't describe the sor-
row they must feel,

No matter where on earth they go, their griefs are with
them still.

The memory of that much-loved son, his mother's eyes
behold.

With murder of the deepest dye on his immortal soul:
To look upon that fine young man, no one would e'er have
thought

So horrible a crime as that would enter his young heart.

Against the girl whom he had vowed he never would de-
ceive.

Poor innocent! She could do naught but his false vows
believe.

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

Shame on the base deceiver, whose cruel heart was
bent

On taking her poor life away—for that was his intent.

It is of her I now must speak, her cruel death recall.
Her broken-hearted parents dear, the saddest thought of
all.

Their hearts were filled with grief, for they were mourn-
ing for their son.

And while their tears were falling fast, this dreadful deed
was done.

'Twas Mary Tuplin, young and fair—her household
duties o'er,

Went forth to meet her lover, as she oft had done before:
And as she tripped along the path, one look at home she
cast,

Though in her heart she never dreamed that it would be
her last.

Her thoughts were sad, for brother dear—alas! 'twas
that same day

She stood beside his silent grave and saw him laid away;
The tears were fresh upon her cheeks as she went on her
way,

Anxious to meet with him she loved, to wipe those tears
away.

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

**She hoped that he would share her grief, perhaps her
thoughts had been**

**That if his heart were sore depressed, how she would com-
fort him.**

**But not a man, a monster, worse, a demon, waited there;
A monster would not raise his hand to one so young and
fair.**

**They met, poor girl, what horrid fate, what anguish did
she bear;**

**Could her poor rigid corpse but speak, alas! what should
we hear?**

**What agonizing cries and prayers to him her life to spare,
As with the weapon in his hand—she sees the pistol near.**

**Her fair young life he took, and when the last faint spark
was gone,**

**He to the river dragged her then, tied to a heavy stone;
And as he cast her body in, he slyly looked around,
Saying, "No one will ever think of this; she never will be
found."**

**But O, the eye of God was on his every movement there,
And soon before the neighbors He all traces did lay bare;
Her body was discovered soon, beneath the flowing
wave,**

At the bottom of the river he had planned to be her grave.

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

Her parents laid her in the tomb, close by her brother's
side,
Their happiness forever gone, their peace of mind denied;
O, cruel-hearted, false young man, who led that girl
astray,
And baser still, to hide his sin, he took her life away.

Now pray, young men, a warning take, from friends who
wish you well,
Remember Millman, while he lay, chained in his lonely
cell;
Think of his anguish and despair, when told that he must
die,
That he must pay the forfeit for the laws that he'd defy.

Think of your parents and of his, their hearts, what grief
they know;
They never can look up again in this world of sin and
woe;
Think of that young girl, who did on his promise
rely,
Whom he sent to meet her Maker—all unprepared to die.

And all young girls who read these lines, before it is too
late,
Be cautious in your conduct, lest you meet the same sad
fate;

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

And when in company with men, be prudent and take
care,
Put no temptation in their way—of flatterers beware.
They may seem kind, and loving words, they whisper in
your ear,
But seek advice from those who know, to judge if they're
sincere;
And mothers who have children dear, O, every day and
hour,
Pray to the God, who rules above, to keep them by His
power.
Now ponder well, young people all, and pray this warning
take,
Be careful in your friendships and choose a proper mate;
Honor your dear parents, and keep the laws divine,
And happiness and peace will be your portion for all time.

The Closing Scene

From Millman's eyes the streaming tears in bitter an-
guish fell,
While to his friends and all he knew he bade a last fare-
well;
Then "Cover up my eyes," he said, "that I may never see
The gallows, or that dreadful rope that now awaiteth me."
Poor Millman paid the penalty—he lies beneath the sod;
We leave him to the tender mercies of a most loving God.



The CHURCH THAT GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT IN

THE ACTOR'S STORY

By George E. Simmons

Mine is a wild, strange story, the strangest you ever
heard;
There are many who won't believe it, but it's gospel,
every word;
It's the biggest drama of any in a long, adventurous life;
The scene was a ship, and the actors were myself and my
new-wed wife.

You mustn't mind if I ramble and lose the thread now and
then;
I'm old, you know, and I wander—it's a way with old
women and men.
For their lives all lie behind them, and their thoughts go
far away,
And are tempted afield, like children lost on a Summer
day.

The years must be five-and-twenty that have passed since
that awful night,
But I see it again this evening; I can never shut out the
sight.
We were only a few weeks married; I and the wife, you
know,
When we had an offer for Melbourne, and made up our
minds to go.

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

We'd acted together in England, traveling up and
down
With a strolling band of players, going from town to
town;
We played the lovers together—we were leading lady
and gent—
And at last we played in earnest and straight to the
church we went.

The parson gave us his blessing, and I gave Nellie the
ring.
And swore that I'd love and cherish and endow her with
everything;
How we smiled at that part of the service, when I said
"I thee endow."
But as to the "love and cherish," friend, I meant to keep
that vow.

We were only a couple of strollers; we had coin when the
show was good,
When it wasn't we went without it, and we did the best
we could;
We were happy and loved each other, and laughed at the
shifts we made.
Where love makes plenty of sunshine there poverty casts
no shade.

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

Well, at last we got to London, and did pretty well for
a bit;
Then the business dropped to nothing and the manager
took a fit—
Stepped off one Sunday morning, forgetting the treasury
call;
But our luck was in, and we managed right on our feet
to fall.

We got an offer for Melbourne—got it that very week.
Those were the days when thousands went over their for-
tunes to seek—
The days of the great gold fever, and a manager thought
the spot
Good for a “spec,” and took us actors among his lot.

We hadn't a friend in England—we'd only ourselves to
please—
And we jumped at the chance of trying our fortune across
the seas.
We went on a sailing vessel, and the journey was long
and rough;
We hadn't been out a fortnight before we had had enough.

But use is a second nature, and we'd got not to mind a
storm.
When misery came upon us—came in a hideous form.

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

My poor little wife fell ailing, grew worse, and at last
so bad

That the doctor said she was dying—I thought 'twould
have sent me mad.

Dying, where leagues of billows seemed to shriek for
their prey,

And the nearest land was hundreds—aye, thousands of
miles away.

She raved one night in a fever, and the next lay still as
death,

So still I'd bend to listen for the faintest sign of breath.

She seemed in a sleep, and sleeping with a smile on her
thin, wan face,

She passed away one morning, while I prayed to the
throne of grace.

I knelt in the little cabin, and prayer after prayer I said
Till the surgeon came and told me it was useless—my
wife was dead!

Dead! I wouldn't believe it. They forced me away that
night,

For I raved in my wild despairing, the shock sent me mad
outright,

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

I was shut in the farthest cabin, and I beat my head on
the side,
And all day long in my madness, "They've murdered
her!" I cried.

They locked me away from my fellows—put me in cruel
chains.

It seems I had seized a weapon to beat out the surgeon's
brains;

I cried in my wild, mad fury that he was the devil sent
To gloat o'er the frenzied anguish with which my heart
was rent.

I spent that night with the irons heavy upon my wrists;
And my wife lay dead quite near me. I beat with my fet-
tered fists,

Beat at my prison panels, and then, O God! and then
I heard the shrieks of women and the tramp of hurrying
men.

I heard the cry, "Ship afire!" caught up by a hundred
throats,

And over the roar the captain shouting to lower the
boats;

Then cry upon cry, and curses, and the crackle of burning
wood,

And the place grew hot as a furnace—I could feel it
where I stood.

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

I beat at the door and shouted, but never a sound came
back,
And the timbers above me started, till right through a
yawning crack
I could see the flames shooting upward, seizing on mast
and sail,
Fanned in their burning fury by the breath of the howling
gale.

I dashed at the door in fury, shrieking "I will not
die!
Die in this burning prison!"—but I caught no answering
cry.
Then, suddenly, right upon me the flames crept up with
a roar,
And their fiery tongues shot forward, cracking my prison
door.

I was free—with the heavy iron door dragging me down
to death,
I fought my way to the cabin, choked with the burning
breath
Of the flames that danced around me like mad, mocking
fiends at play,
And then—O God! I can see it, and shall to my dying
day.

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

There lay my Nell as they'd left her, dead in her berth
that night;
The flames flung a smile on her features—a horrible, lurid
light.
God knows how I reached and touched her, but I found
myself by her side;
I thought she was living a moment; I forgot that my Nell
had died.

In the shock of those awful seconds reason came back
to my brain,
I heard a sound as of breathing, and then a low cry of
pain.
O, was there mercy in Heaven? Was there a God in the
skies?
The dead woman's lips were moving, the dead woman
opened her eyes.

I cursed like a madman raving—I cried to her, "Nell, my
Nell!"
They had left us alone and helpless, alone in that burning
hell;
They had left us alone to perish—forgotten me living—
and she
Had been left for the fire to bear her to Heaven, instead
of the sea.

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

I clutched her, roused her, shrieking, the stupor was on
her still;
I seized her in spite of my fetters—fear gave me a giant's
will.
God knows how I did it, but blindly I fought through the
flames and the wreck,
Up, up to the air, and brought her to the deck.

We'd a moment of life together—a moment of life, the
time
For one last word to each other—'twas a moment, su-
preme, sublime.
From the trance we'd for death mistaken the heat had
brought her to life,
And I was fettered and helpless—so we lay there, hus-
band and wife!

It was but a moment, but ages seemed to have passed
away,
When a shout came over the water, and I looked, and lo,
there lay
Right away from the vessel, a boat that was standing
by,
They had seen our forms on the vessel as the flames lit
up the sky.

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

I shouted a prayer to Heaven, they called for my wife,
and she
Tore with new strength at my fetters—God helped her
and I was free;
Then over the burning bulwarks we leaped for one chance
of life.
Did they save us? Well, here I am, sir, and yonder's my
dear old wife.

We were out in the boat till daylight, when a great ship
passing by
Took us on board and at Melbourne landed us by and by.
We've played many parts in dramas since we went on that
famous trip,
But ne'er such a scene together as we had on the burning
ship!

MY COTTAGE BY THE SEA

As Sung by D'Arcy Dahlberg.

In my cottage by the seashore
I can see my mountain home:
I can see the hills and valleys
Where with pleasure I would roam.

All alone, all alone, my love has left me,
And no other's bride I'll be,
For in my bridal robes he left me
In my cottage by the sea.

DUCKFOOT SUE

For now I'll sing to you
Of the girl I love so true;
She's chief engineer of the night shirt line,
And her name is Duckfoot Sue.
Her beauty is all she has;
She's a mouth as big as a crab;
She has an upper lip like the rudder of a ship,
And I'll tell you she is mad.

JE DONNERAIS VERSAILLES

Je donnerais Versailles
Pour avoir mon ami
La Tour de Notre Dame
La Cloche de mon pays
Et ma jolie columbe
Qui chantait jour et nuit
Aupres de ma blonde
Qu'il fait bon—fait bon—fait bon
Auprès de ma blonde
Qu'il fait bon
Dormir ———



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